

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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BY PHRANQUE PHRANIQUE.

Like the sound of the wind in the November pines,
When the trees of the forest are naked and sore,
And the few lonesome leaflets like castanets play
Their mournfullest dirge for the death of the year,
Singing sad in my heart, once so joyous and warm,
Neath your smile which my memory turns over and o'er,
Sweeps the low plaintive air that you sang to me last,
With voice tuned to sadness: "No more—never more."

You said that you loved me. I paid love for love
With fervor and fondness few mortals can know.
Every day we fresh pledged our pledges of trust
In the shadow and sunshine our lives o'er us throw.
We tore ourselves sadly from each other's arms,
And kissed away tears that intrusive would pour—
You promised to come, when a year had sped by.
But we heard not the warning—"No more—never more!"

I patiently counted the suns that arose,
And braid my name into each evening's prayer.
Every wind that blew toward you was laden with love,
And kissed your pure brow as it played with your hair.
But I loved you too fondly—forgot all, in you,
And as God breaks the idols we mortals adore,
So he severed the cord that had held you to earth,
And the twang seemed to shudder: "No more—never more!"

And I am an exile from home and from heaven—
For home's where the heart is—my heart is with you.
At times, taper fingers seem beck'ning me on,
Then melt, like a cloud, from my hungering view.
My loved one, I'm coming! They'd fain hold me back,
But I'll plunge in the waters and strike for the shore.
Come down, love, and meet me; I'll hear thro' the surf
Your song, and we'll wander apart—nevermore!

Written for the Banner of Light.

RICHARD MILBURN,

THE MISANTHROPE.

OR,

THE FORTUNE-TELLER OF LYNN.

BY MARGARET WOFFINGTON.

"I am Misanthropos, and hate mankind."

"Richard Milburn, Ethel is dying!" and the speaker, a tall and black-eyed youth of twenty-one summers, burst unceremoniously into the spacious and richly furnished library of one of England's proudest peers.

The person thus suddenly addressed was a man who had numbered perhaps some thirty years, although to look at his grave countenance and somewhat misshapen figure, one would hesitatingly pronounce Lord Milburn some ten or twelve years older than the family records denote. The sad intelligence communicated by Philip Milburn to his half-brother, Richard—who had within five years become sole master of the title and extensive estates of his deceased father—brought Lord Milburn at once to his feet.

For a moment the startled man stood scowling at the intruder, who had so far disregarded the rules of etiquette, as to thrust himself uninvited into the particular sanctum of a nobleman. Finding that the young man still remained unabashed in his presence, the provoked nobleman said angrily, at the same time darting a steel-like glance from his cold grey eyes upon Philip:

"Who made you the bearer of such important tidings, I should like to know?"
Your wife, Richard Milburn, whose life-tide is fast ebbing away in yonder chamber above," replied Philip solemnly, lifting his finger toward the ceiling of the library, where those two brothers, of late so estranged, stood confronting each other in coldness and contempt.

"My wife!" sneered Lord Milburn with a haughty toss of his proud head; "say rather your mistress!" and a devilish expression rested upon the countenance of the jealous-hearted nobleman at that instant, which momentarily transformed Richard Milburn from a human being into a fiend.

"By all the powers above, I swear 'tis false!" cried Philip, making a spring at the throat of his brother. For a single second the long and delicate fingers of the excited youth closed tightly about the cowardly nobleman's neck; then suddenly relaxing his iron grasp, Philip said composedly, his handsome dark face still pale with rage:

"Richard Milburn, this is no time for quarrel. Even now the Death Angel is brooding over your dwelling: If in the future you would save your sinful soul the pangs of remorse, I beseech you to make speedy reparation for the great wrong committed toward Ethel, ere Death denies you the opportunity."

"Insolent boy!" exclaimed Lord Milburn, at the same time stamping his foot heavily upon the oaken floor of the library. "Who made thee a censor upon my actions? Again I tell you that Ethel, despite her innocent, baby-face, her professed tenderness and honeyed talk, has been false to her marriage vows."

"Blisters be the tongue of him who dares to utter such a lie against Ethel Milburn!" hastily ejaculated Philip. "And harkoe, Richard Milburn, 'tis only my regard for the dying that keeps me from laying violent hands upon you, even at this moment. The time will come, and I pray God that it be not far distant, when your haughty and tyrannical spirit will be bowed in the dust. Too long you have played the despot instead of the devoted husband, to one whose gentleness of heart and purity of soul your imperious nature was incapable of appreciating. Would to God, Richard, that Ethel Vane had never given her consent to this accursed mar-

riage, for then she would have at least departed this life in peace!"

At this moment a servant knocked at the door, and requested the immediate presence of Lord Milburn in his wife's chamber. With a quick start Richard Milburn moved toward the door, and closely followed by Philip, rapidly ascended the broad staircase.

It was a luxurious department—this chamber of death—into which the old grey-headed servant respectfully bowed his proud master; for Lord Milburn was a man accustomed to the homage of hired menials, and was seemingly never so well contented as when exacting obedience from others.

More like the boudoir of some Eastern princess was this royal chamber to which only a twelve month before Ethel Milburn had been a blushing bride. A carpet of velvet softness, upon whose snowy surface dainty bouquets of blue violets seemed to have been carelessly dropped, first attracted the eye of the stranger. Curtains of azure satin, richly fringed with silver, drooped from the long windows until their heavy folds swept the flowery carpet. Upon the ceiling and walls rare frescoes glowed in the soft twilight, while from their snowy niches looked out fair statues in marble, which for naturalness and beauty of symmetry, might have made a sculptor's eye dance with delight. A massive mirror entirely covering one side of the room, reflected in its crystal depths every surrounding object of beauty, until one standing entranced before its polished surface, could almost fancy himself in some magician's palace. Furniture of heavily carved oak gave a finishing touch to the general air of cheerfulness pervading an apartment which was, alas! so soon to become the sepulchre of death.

At one extremity of the apartment lay Ethel Milburn upon a couch of almost royal magnificence. Upon either side the costly hangings of azure satin and embroidered lace had been gracefully looped back, in order to give additional air to the fair creature that lay calmly awaiting the approach of God's messenger. A face more angelic in its spiritual beauty than Ethel Milburn's, in the last hours of her brief life, might never be found again outside the portals of heaven. A shower of golden curls formed the framework of the fair oval face, whose marble whiteness fairly startled the beholder. Eyes that seemed to have caught their color from the blue sky above, were, at the moment of the reader's introduction into this chamber of sickness, lifted heavenward as if in prayer. Pressed closely against the feebly pulsating heart, lay the tiny creature for whom Ethel, like Rachel of old, was so soon to sacrifice her own precious life.

With a calm and steady step Richard Milburn entered his wife's chamber, and advancing to the side of the sumptuous couch, whereon reposed his twelve months' bride, paused for a moment to contemplate the fair vision of loveliness outstretched before him. A feeble wail from the babe at her side brought back the young mother's thoughts once more to earth. The attendant nurse, who had retired to a distant corner of the room when Lord Milburn entered, now stepped forth to lift the babe in her arms, that its cry might not disturb the apparent self-communion of her young mistress.

Just then the eyes of the sick woman fell upon Lord Milburn. With a wild cry of joy Ethel sprang up in bed, and murmuring "My dear husband!" fell sobbing violently upon the neck of the cold-hearted nobleman. For nearly five minutes Richard Milburn held his dying and injured wife close to his breast, no sound breaking the death-like stillness of the room, but the low sobs of the young mother, whose slight and girlish form quivered from head to foot like an aspen leaf.

"I knew you would come to me, Richard, before I died," said Ethel, lifting her beautiful head with its clusters of golden curls from its resting place, and bending her soft blue eyes full upon the stern face of her husband. "I told Janet that you would not let me die unloved and unforgiven by you," and tears trembled upon the delicately fringed lids of the speaker.

A slight spasm, as of pain, momentarily distorted the plain features of the soul-smitten man; then gently placing his fair burden once more upon the pillow from which she had risen, Richard Milburn said hoarsely:

"Yes, Ethel, I have come in obedience to your last request, although sensible in my own mind of your slight regret at parting with me," and the old look of indifference once again settled upon the countenance of Lord Milburn.

"Richard, father of my child, you do me injustice," replied Ethel, her calm blue eyes looking the rebuke she forebore to utter. "God knows how earnestly I have striven to live a devoted and faithful wife to you, Richard Milburn, during the few months of our married life. If I have lived as my poor heart tells me I have—to outgrow your love—then is it my misfortune rather than my fault."

"Ethel, I have not come to heap curses upon your fair head in this your last hour," said Lord Milburn, coldly, "but you as well as Philip know how cruelly I have been deceived in my search after happiness; how the sanctity of my domestic life has been desecrated by a mere boy, who, under the garb of relationship, contrived to wean my wife from me, and then accused me of jealousy and indifference toward her. Oh, Ethel, your love for Philip has sown the seeds of suspicion and hatred in my breast. Henceforth I shall be known to the world as a misanthrope and a recluse."

A slight shiver ran through the frame of Ethel Milburn as she listened to the cruel assertions of her husband. Was it then true that the one secret of her life which she had for months guarded so closely

was revealed to her husband's eyes? The thought of sinking into her grave a dishonored wife was too terrible to contemplate. Her resolve was taken. She would make full confession to her husband, as she had already done to her God. This hatred toward Philip must be changed into friendship. To die and leave two brothers so unreconciled to each other as were Philip and Richard Milburn, would trouble her even when in her grave.

"Janet, you may raise me up; I have much to say before I die, and you know that Dr. Herbert said that my life was slowly but surely ebbing away. Loop back the curtains from the windows, and let the cool air of evening fan my cheek, for this is the last night I shall spend upon earth."

Richard Milburn still stood silent and gloomy beside the bed of his wife. Ethel turned to him and said calmly:

"Richard, I have something to say to you in the presence of Philip before I die, which may serve to lessen your hatred for one whose gentleness of heart and nobleness of soul you have entirely overlooked in your hasty censure of the innocent. Janet, you must place a chair on each side of my couch, and then say to Mr. Milburn that I desire his immediate presence in my chamber."

Upon the stairs leading up to Lady Milburn's apartment, Janet found Philip, his face buried in his hands, as if in deep meditation or sorrow. As if struck by a cannon-ball, the young man started up from his crouching position upon the stairs, and quickly entered the chamber, followed by the faithful serving-woman. A look of welcome shone in the eyes of Ethel, as she beckoned Philip Milburn to a seat beside her bed, and then motioned Jane to retire from the apartment.

Alone with her husband and his brother, Ethel hesitated for a moment, as if reluctant to broach a subject which had been so productive of misery to three human hearts. A half-suppressed sigh, escaped from the lips of Philip, as he saw an expression of severe anguish pass rapidly over the white countenance of the sufferer. The next instant, the dying wife stretched out her pale hand toward her husband, and said gently:

"Richard, come nearer, dear, and promise me that you will forgive me, for the confession I am about to make to you."

Lord Milburn bowed his handsome head coldly, and drawing his finger closer to the couch, mechanically clasped his fingers about the delicate and chill hand of his wife. Philip moved nervously about in his seat, and finally rose and began slowly pacing the room with downcast eyes.

"What I have to say to you, my dear husband, must of necessity be brief," said Ethel, in a tone slightly husky with emotion; "for I feel that mine hour has nearly come. A twelvemonth since I became your bride. The daughter of a poor and widowed mother, who, as the tenant of your father, had been for long years dependent upon the noble lord's bounty, I had much cause to be grateful for the continuance of that favor, when, upon the occasion of your father's death, you became sole proprietor of his large estates. At that time, being only a child of twelve years, I did not fully realize the debt of obligation which bound my mother to your family. Philip, who was at that time but three years my senior, and as merry and kind-hearted a boy as ever was born of an Italian mother, often shared my childish rambles and sports with me, while you were shut up in your library, poring over huge volumes of literature, such as would have bewildered the harum-scarum brains of Philip and myself. My mother, who well knew the total lack of sympathy between Philip and yourself, of course, looked with pleasure upon the intimacy which every day only served to strengthen between us.

Time passed on. Four years had swept by, developing me into a frail girl of sixteen summers. For more than three years, my studies had been conducted under the charge of a tutor, who had been a graduate of Oxford. To whom I was indebted for these liberal advantages, neither my teacher nor mother would inform me, although Philip and myself had secretly put our heads together, and sagely concluded that my benefactor was none other than the young Lord Milburn, as he was called by the tenants.

One day, upon returning from a long ramble in the woods with Philip, whether he had been in search of wild flowers to aid me in my botanical studies, I found my mother stretched upon the floor in a fit of paralysis. My great terror sent Philip flying toward Milburn Castle, where communicating the sad intelligence to his brother, servants and a physician were at once despatched to my assistance.

It was several days before my poor mother recovered her reason sufficiently to enable her to recognize her own child. Meantime our wants were bountifully supplied, through the generosity of Lord Milburn, who often came to visit us in person, never failing to bring with him a small knot of white flowers, which he always requested me to fasten in my bodice.

One morning, it was the first day my mother had regained her speech, we received an early visit from the grave and dignified Lord Milburn. Bused with household occupations, I left my mother and her visitor quite to themselves. After the departure of our guest, my mother called me to her side and made known to me the fact of Lord Milburn's proposal for her daughter's hand."

A low groan fell upon the ear of the young wife at that moment, and, glancing toward the window, she perceived that Philip had fallen upon the floor. The sharp cry of pain that broke from Ethel's lips, roused Lord Milburn from the dreamy state into

which he had unconsciously fallen during the recital of his wife's story, and hastily regaining his feet, he saw, upon turning round, that his step-brother lay swooning upon the floor. To ring for Janet to wait upon Ethel, who appeared to be terribly convulsed, and to raise the inanimate form of Philip in his arms, seemed but the work of an instant.

The simultaneous entrance of Dr. Herbert and the faithful serving-woman, Janet, soon relieved the fears of Lord Milburn, who, despite his great aversion for his step-brother, was nevertheless considerably alarmed at seeing him in a swoon upon the floor. The application of restoratives soon brought Philip Milburn to a state of consciousness. Not so with Ethel. The terrible spasms into which the sick woman had been thrown upon the sudden fainting of her brother-in-law, lasted full half an hour, during which time Lord Milburn, as if conscience-stricken, hung over Ethel's pillow in agony of spirit.

Dr. Herbert, who greatly feared a continuance of the spasms until death should ensue, advised the removal of Philip to an adjoining room, lest the sight of the convulsed countenance of Ethel might be disastrous in its effects upon the sensitive nerves of Philip. Although loth to leave the presence of one whose life was dearer to him than all the world beside, the still weak and trembling youth allowed a servant to conduct him to another apartment, where, throwing himself upon a lounge, he wept passionately for several minutes.

As was natural, Dr. Herbert at once instituted inquiries concerning the cause of Philip's swooning, and the violent spasms of Ethel. Janet being absent from the room at the time Philip Milburn fell faint and exhausted upon the floor of her mistress's apartment, could not be supposed to be able to impart any satisfactory information concerning the affair to the old physician. Impatient at the silence of both the nurse and Lord Milburn, the inquisitive physician turned to the husband of his patient, and bending his keen grey eyes full upon the nobleman's face, said, gravely:

"You, sir, of all others, should be able to explain this unhappy affair. Lady Milburn's disease is of the mind rather than of the body, and for weeks, aye, even months, some great sorrow has been gnawing at the sensitive heart of your beautiful young wife, upon whose brow Death has already set its seal. Explain, I beseech you, sir, this great mystery, that I may not feel that Lady Milburn sickens, and sink into her grave, without even her old physician understanding her case."

Lord Milburn sank down once more upon the chair from which he had so recently arisen, and folding his arms, said, coldly:

"Dr. Herbert, perhaps the intelligence which I am about to communicate to you, may startle you, but Ethel Vane never truly loved me. Nay, do not start and shake your head, so eagerly, good sir, for I am telling you nothing but the truth, and it was Ethel's confession of the fact, that caused Philip to swoon, and the terrible spasms which so distort the features of my beautiful, but perfidious wife," and the steel-like eyes of the haughty, aristocrat, grew cold and lustreless, while the thin and tightly compressed lips became of an ashen hue.

"Lord Milburn, I must confess that I am equally astonished at your strange disclosure, and your entire lack of confidence in one, who, to my eyes, has ever seemed a tender and devoted wife to her husband. Are you quite sure, my lord, that you have in no way been the cause of this estrangement between Lady Milburn and yourself?"

"Dr. Herbert, such idle questionings upon your part are quite unnecessary, since you, as well as others, must admit that I have more than performed the part of a dutiful husband toward the poor girl, whom out of pure love I so suddenly raised from poverty to affluence. Ethel Vane, sir, as I have since learned to my sorrow, married me partly out of gratitude, and partly to please a sick mother, who had long been dependent upon the bounty of the Milburns, and who, like most poor old women, was ambitious to see her only child well settled in life previous to her death."

"And so another fresh young heart bartered her life's happiness away for gold, yellow and shining, yet to the sad heart—worthless gold," murmured the old physician. "But pray tell me," he quickly asked, "what all this strange talk has to do with Philip's fainting? It surely is not possible that your wife was in love with—"

"A mere boy, you would say," interrupted Lord Milburn, his steel-like eyes flashing fire. "But then you know, sir," he continued, in a sarcastic tone, "that Philip Milburn is the son of an Italian mother—cursed be the day that my father ever married Bianca Montani!—and has a tall and straight form, and a pair of dark eyes that would work havoc in the heart of any English girl. Contrast the handsome and shapely figure of my step-brother with my own deformed figure, and you will soon divine how it was that Ethel Vane grew to love the poor and portionless heir of Milburn Castle, better than its titled lord!"

"Yet, allowing that Ethel loved Philip before her marriage, are you not wrong in accusing your wife cherishing an unworthy attachment for your step-brother, since the hour of your union with her?"

"By heavens, no! Though all the saints in heaven were to continually chant in my ears the innocence and purity of Ethel, yet would I not believe them! No, Herbert, you may call me cruel-hearted and jealous-minded, if you will, but do not, I pray you, waste your precious breath in trying to argue me into the belief that Ethel has been true to her marriage-vows. God!" he hoarsely whispered, "you

have only to glance at the dark face of the infant, for whose coming I had so anxiously prayed, and trace the features of Philip there!" and having given utterance to this last remark, the excited man rose, and was about to leave the room.

"Doctor! Doctor!" exclaimed the delighted Janet, with tears in her eyes, I do believe my mistress is coming to herself once more. See, sir, how quiet her face is, and her hands, too, that have been purple and tightly clinched together, are growing white and movable again."

The old physician bent over the couch and placed his broad palm upon the marble brow of the unconscious woman, and then laid a hand upon the feebly pulsating heart. Then turning to the retiring man, quickly said:

"I advise you, Lord Milburn, to remain a few minutes longer, for I am of Janet's opinion, that her mistress is about coming to her senses."

These words had scarce broken from the lips of Dr. Herbert, when a loud shriek vibrated throughout the apartment, and Ethel Milburn threw herself violently from one side of the couch to the other for an instant. Richard Milburn rushed excitedly back to the couch, and laying his strong hands upon the frail form of his wife, soon succeeded in keeping her body in its former position in the centre of the bed.

"Do not be alarmed," said Dr. Herbert, perceiving the frightened look visible upon the pale face of Lord Milburn, "for that scream was one of returning consciousness. Janet, just bring a handkerchief wet in Cologne-water, and hold it to her nose for a second."

The faithful attendant obeyed, and soon the quivering eyelids and returning color to the lips, told of the expected change. A wild cry of joy burst from the lips of Ethel, as opening her eyes, she perceived her husband's form leaning over her.

"Oh dear," she exclaimed, "I have had such a terrible dream, Richard. I thought that Philip lay dead upon the floor in my room, and that you accused me of killing him, and bade me prepare to die."

"Would to God that he might die instead of you," ejaculated Richard Milburn, as he gazed with mad delight upon the beautiful features of Ethel.

"What was I telling you, Richard, before I fell asleep and dreamed about Philip's being dead?" asked Ethel, of her husband.

A slight shiver ran through the frame of Lord Milburn, at mention of the recital which had already been productive of so much misery to three hearts. His only reply was a shake of the head.

"I know, I have it," cried Ethel, a faint smile stealing over her white face. I was telling you about your proposal for my hand, when I dropped off to sleep. But Philip, where is he? Not dead, is he, Dr. Herbert?"

The old physician replied in the negative.

"Wont you bring him to me, Richard, before I die?" pleaded Ethel. I can't bear to die and leave you so unreconciled. Would that you had been children of the same mother, for then no bitterness would ever have arisen in your hearts against each other."

"Curse the boy!" muttered Richard Milburn, through his teeth, as he dashed out of the room to call Philip. During this absence, Ethel had asked for her babe, and by direction of Dr. Herbert, Janet immediately left the room for the tiny creature whose entire life was destined to be an orphaned one. When Lord Milburn once more returned with Philip, whose dark eyes bore traces of recent weeping; he found Ethel bolstered up in bed and pressing her pale lips to the soft and velvety cheek of her babe.

Philip and Richard drew near to the couch. A bright smile illumined the face of Ethel, and as the soft light from the candles on the mantel fell upon the fair head of the youthful mother, Philip Milburn, almost deluded himself into the belief that one of God's angels had momentarily usurped the place of his beloved Ethel on earth.

"Ah, this is as it should be," said Ethel, as she leaned forward and joined their hands. "Swear to me, Richard and Philip, that you will henceforth become reconciled to each other."

Philip dropped his head, and audibly uttered the words, "I swear," but his brother Richard merely bowed his proud head, without moving his lips.

"Thank God, I can now die in peace," murmured Ethel, as closing her eyes, she momentarily clasped her hands upon her breast, as if in silent prayer. Again opening her soft, blue eyes, now fast growing brilliant in death, she made an effort to lift the infant once more in her arms, but fell back exhausted, upon the pillow. Philip loosened his hand from that of his step-brother's, and taking the babe in his arms, held its cheek close to the lips of Ethel, for a parting kiss. A sweet, but sad smile rewarded Philip for this tender action.

"Richard, darling husband, come close to me, for the light is fading from the room, and I can hardly see you."

"She is going; her sight is failing her," whispered Dr. Herbert in the ear of Lord Milburn; "what you have to say, say quickly, while the power of speech is still left her to answer you." With a low wall of anguish, Richard Milburn clasped the trembling form of Ethel in his arms.

"Ethel, best beloved one!" he cried, in heartfelt anguish, "do not leave me alone in the world! Say that you love me in death, darling, and I will forgive the loss of it during life," and the sorrow-stricken man pressed kiss after kiss upon the fast purpling lips of the dying woman.

"Dear husband, forgive me, for having deceived

you. Long before I knew you, Philip and I had learned to love each other. But oh, do not chide me for what I have so earnestly striven to crush out of my heart since our brief marriage. Oh, why did my sisterly mother urge me to marry one whom I might have tenderly regarded as a brother, instead of a husband? Yet Richard, you have endeavored to minister to my comfort in many ways; and but for this deep and abiding love in my heart for Philip, which I have vainly tried to smother since our marriage, we might have been supremely happy."

An athen hue crept over the beautiful face of the dying woman, and the blue eyes seemed like two bright stars in the firmament. Large drops of perspiration stood upon the marble brow, which Philip strove in vain to wipe away. Death was near; all knew by their own intuitions, and clattering about her couch, all waited the final farewell.

"Richard, kiss me good-by, darling, and say that you forgive me for the love I bore toward Philip while living, but which God knows was not an impure passion."

"Ethel, idol of my soul, it is I who have need of forgiveness, for the misery I have heaped upon your innocent head, through my cruel suspicions and burning jealousy. Yet if there is ought to be forgiven upon my part, may the heavens bear witness that I do freely extend the desired forgiveness!" A passionate kiss upon the cold lips of the dying woman, who could no longer distinguish the forms of those around her couch, was the seal of Richard Milburn's forgiveness to his madly loving wife.

"Philip, dear brother, I cannot see you, but know full well the soft, cool touch of your fingers," said Ethel, in a faint voice. "Kiss me good-by, brother, and love the dear babe God has sent upon earth to take my place, as purely and for ever as you have ever loved its mother!"

Philip bent down and reverently kissed the moist brow of one who had for years been the good angel of his earth life.

"Good-by, kind, faithful Janet," murmured Ethel Milburn, as she feebly pressed the rough hand of the honest-souled attendant. "Take good care of my dear babe for its father's sake. Doctor, is this feeling about my heart—death?" gasped the dying woman. "Oh, raise me up, lest I choke, I pray you! Husband, brother, Janet, doctor, adieu; I am going through the valley of death, yet I fear no evil."

The next moment, the sound of the death rattle fell upon the ears of the sad mourners clustered about that royal bed of death, and while Lord Milburn still held the lifeless form of Ethel close to his throbbing heart, the spirit of the beloved, yet injured wife, had winged its flight heavenward, toward the throne of its Maker.

All the livelong night Lord Milburn wandered restlessly about the spacious castle—now dull and cheerless because of the light which death had quenched—pausing ever and anon outside the door of the spacious chamber where lay the beautiful form of Ethel, clad in the snowy vestments of the tomb, and beside whose royal funeral couch still watched the grief-stricken Philip.

For three days and three nights the lovely form of Lady Milburn lay in state in the mourning draped drawing-room of Milburn Castle, arrayed in her bridal dress of snowy satin, with pale white rosebuds nestling amid the golden curls, that still fell in rare luxuriance over the marble-like neck of the sainted dead. Ethel Milburn looked more like some freshly chiseled piece of sculpture, as she lay in the calm repose of death, upon her flower-bedecked couch.

With a calmness passing human comprehension, Richard Milburn entered the tomb where were gathered to their last rest the mortal remains of his parents, and, stooping, severed two golden curls from the fair head of his dead wife, and after pressing his lips to the marble brow of the beautiful sleeper, quietly gave orders to the old sexton to perform the last sad offices for the dead, and then returned without further remark to the castle, which was henceforth to be so cheerless and desolate a dwelling to the stern, grave man, that restlessly wandered from room to room, looking for something he could not find.

During the evening following the afternoon of the funeral, Richard Milburn sent for his step-brother Philip to join him in the library. Philip, who was not a little curious to know the cause of this unexpected summons, made haste to follow the trusty man-servant, who had been despatched with the request.

With quiet courtesy, Lord Milburn received his step-brother at the door of the library, and, bidding him enter, at once handed Philip to an easy chair near the window. Having done this, Lord Milburn proceeded to unlock a secret drawer in his cabinet, from which he carefully extracted a soft, golden curl. Presenting it to Philip, Lord Milburn said composedly:

"My dear brother, this little curl is one of two, which I severed with my own hands from the fair head of Ethel this afternoon, as she lay in her coffin. Guard it sacredly, as a souvenir of one whose life was closely entwined with your own. It was my misfortune, rather than my fault, to have married Ethel Vane, when my own instincts plainly told me that the heart I claimed as my own had been already given to another. Blind fool that I was, I yet dared to stake my life's happiness upon the hope, that when once my wife, Ethel would soon forget the childish love which it seems burned in her heart for you, Philip, until death. I need not tell you that the knowledge of this secret attachment, between two persons dependent upon my protection and bounty, and living under the same roof with me, fired my heart with jealousy, and roused cruel suspicions in my mind, which fell from my wicked tongue in the shape of curses. For all the injury I have done my dearly loved Ethel and yourself, I am now truly sorry, and while asking your forgiveness for the same, I would also beg your acceptance of one half of the large fortune, which, as an elder brother, fell to me by right of inheritance upon the occasion of our father's decease."

So entirely overcome was Philip by this unexpected confession of wrong upon the part of his step-brother, that it was several minutes before he could sufficiently collect his thoughts to frame a reply. Rising slowly from his chair, Philip Milburn advanced toward his step-brother, and with tears moistening his dark eyes, said in a voice slightly touched with emotion, as he proffered his hand to his brother:

"Richard Milburn, I freely and fully forgive you all the injustice you have done me during the last twelve months of my stay beneath your roof. For the sake of Ethel, whom I loved better than life itself, I have suffered your cruel taunts and insults, who could not bear the thought of my leaving her, to grieve out her life in the society of a man whom

she respected as a husband, but against whom she felt herself to have terribly sinned, in uttering marriage vows to which her poor heart gave no response. For her sake, then, I repeat, I have thus far endeavored to bear your reproaches in silence, secretly hoping, in my own heart, that God would, sooner or later, soften your proud, stern nature, toward one, who, as the son of a common father, loved you with a brother's affection. Death, however, cast its shadow over your household, and Ethel, our beloved one, was torn from our gaze forevermore. Oh, Richard, we who have both loved and lost, ought to be able to sympathize with each other in this great hour of trial."

Tears rapidly coursed down the cheeks of Philip Milburn, as he turned to leave the room, too much overcome by his own grief to prolong an interview which was fraught with so much pain for both.

"Philip, my dear brother, this is what I would do," cried Lord Milburn, at the same time grasping the coat sleeve of Philip, by way of preventing his departure. "Share with me the home of our father, brother, and I promise you that no barrier shall ever again rise up between us, to estrange hearts that should beat as one with fraternal affection."

While giving vent to these words, Lord Milburn had caught both hands of Philip in his own strong clasp, and with eyes bent wistfully upon the dark face of his brother, stood hopefully awaiting his companion's reply.

"Richard, I sincerely thank you for this great and unexpected offer of kindness," said Philip, in a low but steady voice, "but you must pardon me, if I decline your proposal to become a sharer in the large fortune left to you by the will of your father. You well know my artist proclivities, and my desire to become proficient in an art which, as an amateur, has always been productive of so much pleasure to me from boyhood. The small income allowed me by the death of my mother will, I trust, be sufficient, with careful economy, to defray my traveling expenses upon the Continent, and, at least, help me to commence my studies. I would see Italy, the home of my angel mother, who has so often repeated to my childish ear the story of its wondrous beauties, while sitting upon her knee in years gone by. How long I may remain abroad is uncertain, for now that Ethel is no more, I shall leave England without a regret. I shall start for London to-morrow, where I shall probably spend a day or two, in purchasing paints and pencils, after which I shall leave at once for Havre."

The dark eyes of the Anglo-Italian youth fairly glowed with enthusiasm, during the recital of his artist plans, and Richard, whose fallen countenance betrayed the disappointment passing in his mind, at the thought of being left alone with his huge sorrow, assuming a cheerful tone, said pleasantly:

"Well, Philip, since you are bent upon following your own inclinations, I must needs meet the disappointment with as brave a face as possible. Believe me, however, when I tell you that I shall exceedingly regret a separation from one whose future life I had hoped to brighten, in some degree, by my brotherly devotion."

Until near midnight, the two brothers, now apparently reconciled to each other, remained closeted together in the spacious library of Milburn Castle; and when they separated for the night, it was with mutual expressions of kindness and sympathy. The following morning, upon awakening, Philip Milburn found a heavy purse of gold under his pillow, together with a brief note begging his acceptance of the enclosed sum from brother Richard.

This purse Philip respectfully returned to Lord Milburn at the breakfast table, with many thanks, preferring to depend upon his own resources as far as possible, until fate should enable him to increase his then present small means by the fruits of his pencil.

With many injunctions to Janet to care kindly for the little babe, (dear to him for its mother's sake), during his absence, Philip fondly kissed the tiny creature, whom God thus early orphaned, and after taking an affectionate and respectful leave of his elder brother, started upon his journey to London, with spirits considerably saddened by the remembrance of Ethel's last hours, and the thought of his brother's former injustice.

For full four years after the departure of Philip, Richard Milburn continued to dwell at Southampton; although during that time his lordship spent much of his time in traveling through Ireland and Wales, frequently absenting himself from home for several months at a time. Upon his return to the castle, Lord Milburn would shut himself up in his spacious library, refusing all company, and seldom taking any notice of the child Mildred, who had been taught to look upon Janet Wharton as her mother and only friend.

Tired at last of life in England, Richard Milburn conceived the idea of emigrating to America. This thought had no sooner forced itself upon the mind of Lord Milburn, than he began to make extensive preparations for his journey to the United States. The family estates, which had so long remained in the hands of the descendants of one of England's proudest peers, passed at once into the possession of strangers, whose merry voices woke the echoes in rooms long since hushed and deserted. The only attendants Lord Milburn took to America with him were Janet Wharton—who was to be there, as in England, the acknowledged mother of the dark-eyed child who had slept upon her breast from infancy—and Robert Bruce, an old Scotchman, who had been in the Milburn family since a boy, and whose great devotion to his present master, Lord Richard, was the subject of remark for miles round Southampton.

For twelve years, Richard Milburn had made his home in the new world. The house in which he had for so long a time lived the life of a recluse, was situated upon the outskirts of Lynn, and was an edifice of quaint and irregular architecture. For fifteen years previous to Mr. Milburn's (the title of Lord Milburn had been dropped upon starting for America) purchase of the old-fashioned two-story dwelling known as the home of the "Misanthrope," the old vine-covered mansion house had remained untenanted—save by rats, who had made sad havoc among the old timbers—because of the rumor that a murder had been once committed there, making the house a haunted one ever afterwards.

Why Richard Milburn should have taken up his abode in such a wild and neglected spot, the good people of the town could not possibly imagine, unless the terrible desolation and air of mystery pervading the place, harmonized well with his own feelings, that seemed to the eyes of strangers the reflex of his stern and grave countenance. The secluded life which the few inmates of the haunted house seemed to enjoy,

was, at first, matter of common gossip among the curious villagers, particularly the female portion of them, who could not make out in their own minds what relation the dark-eyed Italian-looking child, whose only companion seemed to be the old gray-haired woman who appeared to superintend the household arrangements, bore to the inmates of the haunted house.

Since the coming of Lord Milburn to America, either Philip had suddenly ceased in his hitherto frequent correspondence with his step-brother, or else the letter informing Philip of his brother Richard's removal to the United States, had never reached the artist-student in his far off Italian home, who, wondering at his brother's non-communication, still continued to direct his letters to Milburn Castle, Southampton, where through the ignorance or indifference of strangers, they were returned unopened to the office.

Among the inhabitants of Lynn, at the time of which I write, was an old woman named Moll Pitcher, whose wild eccentricities of character and nomadic style of life, united to her great skill in fortune-telling, made her at once the terror of the surrounding country. Living in a rude cabin-like structure, in the vicinity of what is now known as High Rock, in the present thickly populated city of Lynn, the old fortune-teller, whose ugliness of face, and coarse, tattered garments, would have furnished an artist with a good subject for the portrait of the Witch of Endor—contrived to pick up a scanty subsistence by telling the fortunes of a few of the neighboring gentry, and such superstitious strangers as chance served to throw in her way.

Before the coming of Richard Milburn to Lynn, report said that Moll Pitcher had occasionally spent nights in the haunted house, for the supposed purpose of holding midnight communication with the nocturnal inmates of that mysterious dwelling. But since it had been changed into the abode of human beings, by the skillful hands and moneyed resources of the Misanthrope, the appearance of Moll Pitcher in that vicinity had been of uninfrequent occurrence, so that, except by hearsay, the secluded inmates of the old mansion house had no acquaintance whatever with the disposition and habits of the old fortune-teller, until accident threw Mildred Wharton, as she was commonly called, in her way.

When Richard Milburn first came to America, it was his intention to have sent Mildred away to school; but the child early showing a stronger inclination for the study of nature, than grammar and mathematics, he wisely determined not to send her to a boarding school, with whose mode of discipline and study he was so little acquainted, but to assume the office of tutor to her himself. This Richard Milburn was amply able to do, being himself a scholar of the finest stamp, and having had the advantages of a collegiate course at Oxford, besides a couple of years study abroad.

Mildred, who was by no means a dull scholar—but who loved the broad open fields better than the confined air of the library, which answered in her case the purpose of a schoolroom—as might have been expected, made rapid progress under the guardianship of such a teacher as Lord Milburn.

Between pupil and tutor there was, however, a barrier of restraint; although as years sped on, and Richard Milburn watched from day to day the gradual unfolding of a mind rich in mental endowments, he could not help feeling in his breast a glow of parental pride. Her disposition, too, was so habitually sweet and obliging, and her manner to Janet Wharton, whom she had been taught to call mother, was so affectionate and thoughtful at all times, that hardly a day passed but what Richard Milburn, misanthrope as he was, inwardly longed to draw the sweet girl to his heart, and discover to her the close relationship existing between them. At such moments, however, the remembrance of his unfortunate attachment for Ethel, the mother of his child, rose in his mind, and then the thought that he, too, might lavish a father's affection in vain upon Mildred, made him distrustful and chary of his heart's buried love. Besides, some one has written, "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," and young girls, who may have the good fortune to be beautiful themselves, seldom find anything to admire in the person of a man who, as far as personal deformity is concerned, was but a small degree removed from what the world would term a hunchback.

It was this sensitiveness and physical defect, that made Richard Milburn live within himself, as it were, slowly wearing out his existence in the society of books, which were almost his only companions. Had he been formed as symmetrically as his brother Philip, perhaps his mind would have been less warped and indifferent toward his fellow creatures.

At sixteen years of age, Mildred Wharton, as she was generally called by the villagers, was a model of feminine beauty. Her black eyes, olive complexion, and straight raven hair, would have made Mildred beautiful, even if she had possessed no other attractions of form and manner; but unite to these a figure of medium height, whose roundness of outline was fast being developed, a voice low and musical in its tone, teeth of pearly whiteness, and lips that seemed like two ripe cherries, feet and hands of exquisite beauty, and my readers will then have some faint idea of the loveliness of one whose early years were passed in quiet seclusion.

That there was a mystery attending her parentage, Mildred Wharton firmly believed, although neither Robert Bruce, the old steward, or kind-hearted Janet seemed disposed to satisfy her girlish curiosity by setting matters right upon that point.

Once or twice, Mildred had determined to ask Mr. Milburn to impart to her what knowledge he had of her origin; but then the fear that, by so doing, she might excite his lasting displeasure—knowing well his sullen and morose disposition—checked her curiosity, and made her willing to trust her future fate in the hands of an over-ruling Providence.

While taking one of her customary afternoon strolls about Lynn one day, Mildred Wharton unexpectedly came to the little hut known as Moll Pitcher's. Her strong desire to behold one of whose wonderful powers report had so loudly chronicled, suggested to Mildred the idea of begging a glass of water from the mysterious occupant of the little cabin.

Accordingly she knocked lightly at the closed door with the small osen cane which she usually carried with her in her walks, when her ears were greeted with the words,

"Who's there?" uttered in a shrill and cracked tone of voice, that almost made Mildred repent her girlish curiosity.

"A friend," replied Mildred. "May I come in? I have had a long walk and am somewhat tired and thirsty."

"Aye, aye, that you may, for there's something about your voice that gladdens my old heart."

Mildred cautiously pushed open the door, and half started back in affright, as her gaze fell on the form of the old hag, stretched upon the hearth before the open fire-place, her thin scraggy hands held close to the scanty fire which burned feebly in the spacious and smoke-blackened chimney-place.

"Do not be afraid, child! for though I am called crazy Moll by the country folks hereabouts, I'd not harm a hair of your head, my pretty bird. Come nearer, child, for the day is chill, and your bonny hands must be cold."

Slowly rising from her crouching position, the old woman shook back the long gray hair that floated over her bent shoulders, and drawing the folds of her old red cloak more closely about her tall person, hobbled off to one corner of the hut to get a low stool for her new visitor.

Mildred felt a little ashamed of her own rudeness in thus intruding herself into the abode of a person who, though poor, even unto misery, yet did not refuse a welcome to a stranger.

"Kind Dame, I'll thank you for a draught of water," said Mildred, in a respectful tone.

"That you shall have, my dark-eyed bairn, and more than that, old Moll will tell you your fortune, too, for there's a winsome look about your sweet face, that I've not seen for many a day."

Mildred took the broken handled mug, which the old fortune teller offered her, and quickly drank off its contents by no means clear contents; then making a low courtesy, she turned to depart, when the sound of approaching horses' feet, and the laugh of merry voices, fell upon the ear of Mildred.

Seeing no chance of escape, the young girl sank down upon the stool which the old woman had placed near the fire for her, while Moll Pitcher, muttering to herself, hobbled off to the door for the purpose of answering the quick, smart rap which had startled the ears of both.

"Good afternoon, honest Dame!" said a tall and foreign looking man, of some thirty-six or seven years, who, with his cap and riding whip in hand, bowed low before the old fortune-teller.

"We have come to consult the oracle, good Mother, and would know what of good the future may have in store for us. The ladies are most anxious to know their destiny; say, can you give us audience now?" And the handsome man paused for the old woman's reply.

"Yes, I suppose I can tell your fortunes for you—that is, if you can afford to hear them," croaked the old woman, hoarsely.

"That we can," replied another gentleman of the party, at the same time springing from his horse and tossing a purse of gold toward the old fortune-teller. The ladies, two in number, and richly attired, descended from their horses and entered the cabin, followed by their attendant cavaliers.

For a single instant, the eyes of the handsome stranger and Mildred Wharton's met, and then the former staggered backwards as if startled by the image of a face he could not recall.

"Why, what's the matter, Mr. Milburn?" cried Estelle Lewis, gaily slapping her companion on the shoulder, with the handle of her riding whip. "By the resemblance, and the look of surprise depicted upon both your faces, one would say you had suddenly found some long lost relative. Say, cousin Harry, do n't you think Mr. Milburn and the young lady yonder might easily pass for brother and sister?"

"By all means!" replied the young man gaily. Milburn, you ought to adopt this dark-eyed beauty as your protegee. Would n't you advise him to, Estelle?" asked Harry Lewis, at the same time winking slyly at the delicate little blonde at his side, who was tittering behind the folds of her embroidered handkerchief.

"No, Harry, I can't say that I would. Upon the whole, I think one seldom finds a wail of that description sufficiently grateful for all the benefits heaped upon them; as a matter of course they always expect their guardian to marry them."

"Do n't be jealous, coz, I beseech you," said Harry Lewis, teasingly.

Estelle colored and bit her pale lips, but made no reply.

In the meantime, Mildred Wharton had risen from her low seat before the fire, and retiring to the back part of the room, stood leaning against the wall with her arms folded, her oval head erect, and her handsome face expressing the contempt she felt for the pale-faced beauty, Estelle Lewis, and her cousin Harry, who had evidently thought to amuse themselves at her expense.

Moll Pitcher seated herself upon the stool from which Mildred had risen, and motioning Estelle to sit upon another at her side, took the heavily jeweled fingers of her companion in her own bony hand, and bent her keen gray eyes thoughtfully upon the delicate lines traced upon the inner portion of the soft and velvety hand which she held in her own broad palm. Harry Lewis and his fair betrothed, Anna Gray, stood by in silence, curious to learn the fate of the beautiful Estelle; while Philip Milburn—for it was none other than the gentleman artist who had come laurel-crowned to America, partly in search of his brother, and partly for objects of study—had politely introduced himself to Mildred Wharton, and was deeply engaged in conversation with her, paying but slight attention to Estelle, who stole over and anon, a jealous glance toward the dark beauty, who seemed so deeply to impress her cavalier as to make him lost to the presence of others.

Suddenly the shrill voice of Moll Pitcher exclaimed, "God! I see nothing but jealousy and disappointment for you in the future, Estelle Lewis. With all your beauty and riches you cannot buy him you so passionately love. You have already a rival, but she is at present innocent of the fact. If you marry, it will be long years hence, when your haughty spirit has been broken and you have learned to regard men's hearts as something better than toys."

With a face red with indignation, Estelle Lewis snatched her hand from the fortune-teller's grasp, and muttering between her teeth the words, "deceitful old hag," proudly swept out of the hut, greatly to the amusement of her cousin Harry, who, laughing heartily at his beautiful cousin's discomfiture, handed his fair betrothed to a seat.

Anna Gray's fortune was soon told. By looking in her face, one might easily read the desires of her frivolous heart. A gay husband, well answering to the description of Harry, a life of continued pleasure and prosperity, and peaceful old age. Harry's harmonized with his betrothed admirably. Two only remained to be told. Thinking that the handsome stranger would like greatly to hear the future of one who had already won his by no means susceptible heart, Moll Pitcher desired Harry Lewis and his companion to leave her alone with Mr. Milburn and Mildred.

"Now, my child, let me look at your palm," said the old woman, with a ferocious smile.

The young girl complied. The features of the old crone suddenly lighted up, as she kept her eyes intently fixed upon the deeply drawn lines on the inside of Mildred's hand, exclaiming triumphantly—

"I know it, my pretty bairn—these lines do not deceive me. You are no plebeian born child, for your ancestors were among the proudest of England's peers. There is a strange mystery enveloping your birth, at present, but be of good cheer, child, for all that you long to know will soon be revealed to you. And, harkoe! the world calls you Janet Wharton's child; but if old Moll Pitcher is not greatly mistaken, you are Richard Milburn's daughter!"

"Richard Milburn's child, did you say?" exclaimed Philip Milburn. "Then you are Ethel's child, and I am your step-mother," cried the excited man, as, drawing the blushing girl close to his heart, he rained a shower of kisses upon cheek and brow.

"And you, good mother, who shall doubt the truth of your words after this?" continued Philip, placing several gold pieces in the hands of the delighted dame.

"God speed you, my pretty pair," croaked the old lady, as she stood at the door and saw the artist proudly present Mildred Milburn to his friends.

That evening Philip and Richard Milburn slept happily beneath the same roof. The mystery of Mildred's life was revealed to her by The Misanthrope, on the morrow. And although she had learned to love him as a teacher and benefactor, during her childhood, she was now overjoyed at the thought of being able to call him father.

A few weeks after, there was a wedding at the Church, where Mildred Milburn became the happy wife of Philip Milburn.

Richard Milburn and Moll Pitcher sleep in their graves, but Philip and his wife are still enjoying a ripe old age.

MEASNA. EDITORS.—The following poem, which was read some time since in one of our meetings for the promotion of "Spiritual growth," has been kindly placed in my hands by its esteemed authoress, with permission to make such disposition of it as I might deem proper. The spirit and sentiment are so beautiful that you will gratify me, as I doubt not you will others, by giving it a place in the "Banner."

FRATERNALLY YOURS, R. THAYER.
Boston, Sept. 3, 1861.

AN INVOCATION.

BY L. E. MOYR.

Almighty heart of Love, whose pulse
Vibrates through all the earth—
Mind all-pervading, in whose depths
All being has its birth—
All nature, from the star-decked sky
To dew-bathed meadow flower—
In silence shows thy perfect love,
And speaks thy wondrous power.
Thy praises from the angel-world
In songs unceasing roll—
Till, passing through the gates of sense,
They echo through my soul.
I stand within thy outer court,
My Father and my King.
For help to plead—O, teach my soul
Thy praises, too, to sing.
I am thy child—in this frame
Of flesh thou hast confined
One pulsing throb of thy great heart—
One thought of thy great mind.
Though stumbling, weak, and almost blind,
I wander through the earth,
I rest within thy gracious arms
Who gav'st my being birth.
I lift my almost sightless eyes,
And plead that light be given
To thread progression's thorny way,
Till I arrive at heaven.
O give me wisdom—give me love—
Till both in me shall reign;
Till every act of mine shall prove
I have not plead in vain.
O may my soul in favor grow
With thee—and with mankind—
Till I am lost to sight of self.
The "pearl of price" I find.
O, Father, mould me to thyself,
And teach me all thy ways;
And by a life of holy works
Help me to show thy praise.
I ask these blessings from thy hand
Through him who once was slain—
While angels round about me stand,
And, whispering, say—AMEN.

Children's Convention.

The annual Convention of little folks was held at Longwood, in Chester County, Pa., on the 17th. It was inaugurated seven years since by Joseph A. Dugdale, known as "Uncle Joseph, the Children's Friend." Notwithstanding the inauspiciousness of the weather, the house was filled to overflowing. Children as well as adults were present from all the adjoining counties, including the State of Delaware. The meeting was opened by friend Dugdale, in asking the divine blessing, after which the children of the immediate neighborhood sang some appropriate hymns. Uncle Joseph then spoke an hour in his peculiar way, his text being Moral Courage.

In one of the Committee rooms there was sitting a young Penobscot Indian woman. After Uncle Joseph had disposed of the slavery question, he spoke of the race who trod this soil before the acorns were planted from which the oldest oaks of the forest have grown. Then, turning to the children, said, "What would you think if I should call upon a descendant of Pocahontas to appear upon this platform?"

In an instant Laroquea (a waving reed,) the Jennie Lind of the tribe, stepped upon the platform, dressed in her Indian costume, and electrified the whole assembly by the song of the Indian Hunter, after which she retired and Uncle Joseph proceeded with his address, which abounded in just such touching and impressive stories as always holds an auditory of children in fixed and undivided attention. Owing to the rain, the people were not gratified with a visit to Pierce's beautiful Park. No one, however, seemed dissatisfied.

After taking a lunch, the meeting was organized again, and was addressed for a brief period by John M. Beeson, the friend and missionary of the Indians. The little girls from Delaware sang sweetly, and so did the children from Hampton, when Uncle Joseph gave another address, which was for parents and teachers. Some of the illustrations were impressive, and we believe parents that day felt anew the great responsibility of rightly training and educating their little ones. Alas! how many are spoiled and ruined for want of this. Laroquea again thrilled the audience by another of her national songs, holding the little ones in spell-bound admiration. This circumstance, so highly gratifying to the children, to see for the first time an aboriginal, quite make amends for the disappointment of not going to the beautiful Park, that had been kindly offered them.

The anniversary was then closed by a fervent prayer, and we all felt the day had been profitably spent.—[Educator and Museum.]

Written for the Banner of Light.
PLAIN THOUGHTS ON FAITH IN GOD.
BY GEORGE G. W. MORGAN.

We all profess to be inspired
With faith in God; but where is he
Who has not oft, in fact, desired
To be from his dependence free?
We only pray for "daily bread,"
Yet think it is a sad mischance
To be thus daily, hourly fed,
And not have something in advance.
Who's he dare say he feels at ease
When duns are near, who has to pay
For rent and coals, or bread and cheese,
Who's rich in will, but poor in way?
Who trusts his life far on an ocean
Without a compass or a chart?
Who'll take a self-dubbed doctor's potion
Who's but a cobbler in his art?
When great light's (?) eclipsed, we fear
The world will shortly prove undone;
Yet just the same effects appear
When comets try to dim the sun.
Have faith! 'twill cure the worst of evils,"
The preacher saith, yet say, does he
Rely on God to cast out devils,
Or on the law's supremacy?
Who sends a ship far out to sea,
No matter what its past endurance,
Would rather trust in God than be
Protected by marine insurance?
The brute creation day by day
Depends on Him for its supplies
But man, less faithful, hoards away
A store that lasts him till he dies.
His mind forever seems to labor
In search of schemes that shall supply
The readiest means to wrong his neighbor,
Not doing as he'd be done by.
Not using his superfluous treasures
In aiding those less favored,
He seeks after merely selfish pleasures,
Reckless what others' fates may be.
Not patient, waiting for the order
To march with victory to the fray,
He rushes wildly in disorder,
And meets destruction in the way.
God's providence he seems to think
Means man's base wishes, his desires, too;
And just as Paradise's brink
He loses what his mind aspires to;
And thus forever yields the place
That all creation offers him;
The tender, watchful saving grace
A Father's mercy proffers him.
The time will come when man will be
Content to labor, wait and gain
The prize he longs for; then he'll see
What now he searches for in vain.
The world will move in spite of man,
And whether he consents or no!
Pure water stagnates in a pan,
Minds fade, like trees, that do not grow.
He best performs his duty here,
Who labors with an honest heart,
And trusts in God, devoid of fear,
That what He promised, he'll impart.

Spiritual Phenomena.

Spiritual Communication.

The following communication was received through Mr. J. V. Mansfield, in September, 1858. In justice to him, and to show with what perfect fairness and freedom from trick and imposition he gave this communication, I request the publication of it in your paper. It corresponds with numerous others which I have received through many other mediums. Whether they are true or not, it is of course impossible, from them alone, for me to know, however I may believe this to be the case.
The mode in which this communication was given to me, is as follows: Mr. Mansfield handed me a slip of paper, and requested me to write my questions on it, and then fold each of them over, three or four times, so that it would be impossible for him to see them, which I did. While I wrote each question, he left the room, so that it was impossible that he could see me write them. He then returned to the room and wrote the answer directly under the question thus folded over, without of course, knowing what the question was. I said nothing to him about what was the subject of my inquiry, so that it was impossible for him to know what it was. After Mr. Mansfield had written the answer, he of course knew what the question had been, but not before. But he could not know what the next question was, until his hand had been controlled, and he had written the answer to it. In this way only could he become acquainted with the subject of my inquiries.

Ques. 1.—Is Mr. Ebenezer T. Andrews (my uncle) present? If so, will you give me your name?
Ans.—"My dear one, I am present, and have given you my name. EBENEZER T. ANDREWS."
Ques. 2.—Did you make a will at the time of your death?
Ans.—"My dear one, I have told you many times about that will. I can say no more than I have through the lady medium, (Mrs. Hayden.) What I told her, so I tell you. It is as true as that the sun rises and sets. Yours in Spirit, EBENEZER T. ANDREWS."
Ques. 3.—Did you leave me — in your will? If not, how much?
Ans.—"I did leave you the sum mentioned. Alas for the selfishness and dishonesty of some mortals! Yours, E. T. ANDREWS."
Ques. 4.—Were the persons you have alluded to, as destroying your will the same you have given to me through Mrs. Hayden? You may do as you please about giving their names now.
Ans.—"My dear William: You ask me for the names of those who destroyed the will? But I cannot through this medium, as he is not willing that I should. What I have given to you, through others, is quite sufficient. Excuse me, now. I must go. Yours in Spirit, EBENEZER T. ANDREWS."

The following legacies, in a communication to me through Mrs. Hayden, he said he gave, in this will, to religious and benevolent institutions. Whether they are true or not, I cannot of course, possibly know, viz:

To Massachusetts Hospital, \$10,000; Howard Benevolent Society, \$10,000; American Unitarian Association, \$10,000; Divinity School at Cambridge, \$10,000; Fatherless and Widows' Society, \$5,000; Eye and Ear Infirmary, \$5,000.

There is other evidence in my possession, besides these Spiritual communications, which tend to make it very probable, but not certain, that he made a will at the time of his death, and that this will may have contained all the foregoing legacies but the last, as he had made two or three sketches in the form of a will many years before his death, in all which he had given legacies of a much smaller amount to all these institutions but the last, and which sketches

were produced by his son before the Judge of Probate, under his order, at my request. But there is no other evidence than these Spiritual communications within my knowledge which actually proves that he made a will at the time of his death, or at any other time. Yours, &c., WM. S. ANDREWS.

Original Essays.

ANOTHER "PLEA FOR MEDIUMS,"

BY LITA H. BARNEY.

There is altogether too much truth in the article of No. 18, present Volume of BANNER, by our friend, Miss Hardinge, (I shall be obliged to take her hint, and not call her, sister,) in reference to the inadequate pay offered to mediums. The most of the speakers do not set any price in so many words, yet when they come here, or to Boston, or Philadelphia, they know what it is customary to pay in each of these places, and accordingly say, "pay me what you do others."

Now it will not always do for them to get along in this easy way, for in the most of cases, they would find it a thorny path, instead, for they would often come out with "a dollar less," or "seven dollars," less, in their pockets, than when they commenced. The old saying is, "the Lord will reward you, if we do n't," but the most of people that rely upon the Lord, find to their sorrow and starvation, that he is decidedly a poor paymaster, in regard to other people's debts, and as far as dollars and cents go.

The fact is, there are a great many people ready to give you a cheque on the Bank of Heaven, that have no deposits there, and no right to draw upon it. Then, in return for railroad and coach fees, and time and labor, what have you? A drain upon the mental and spiritual organisms, which has been flowing broadcast to a people who bug their arms to their pockets as tight as the Lombardy Poplar does its limbs; which, by the way, I always call the "close communion" tree—to those who will drag upon you, keep you up at night after the lecture until twelve o'clock, to talk upon raps and tips, or something of as much consequence; give you uncomfortable accommodations, though perhaps the best they have; and your physical system becomes as much exhausted as your mental and spiritual. True, you have the consciousness of acting from a pure motive, and in so doing, verily, shall not lose your reward, spiritually; but spiritual rewards do not coin bread and butter, and roast-lamb, which are very needful perquisites, while we inhabit these bodies.

It is most true that the laborer is worthy of his hire, and we would be surprised to hear an Irishman who had been digging potatoes all day for you, say at night—"O, sir, give me what you please!" No, even he knows what his labor is worth at price current in the market, and shall we expect spiritual teachers and preachers to know less than the poor day-laborer? It is, perhaps, a more delicate task for Miss Hardinge, or any other speaker, to come before the public and complain of this injustice which is daily done them, and which they also do themselves; but I, not occupying that place, may, without fear of being called grasping or selfish, speak for them all a good word, for it needs to be spoken.

Let mediums set a price; if they can, let it be a universal price; but if some find that such does not pay their expenses, being obliged to provide for some family or relatives, as I know that very many of the mediums are obliged to do, and they have capacities which will command a greater return in gold, let them make their demands. A thing is worth what it will bring in the market, and spiritual truths are worth their value, just as much as corn and potatoes.

It is truly necessary for the aspiring teacher to devote himself entirely to his calling, as Miss H. remarks. Who that knows anything at all about the private life of public mediums—if indeed they have any—will for a moment entertain the idea of their entering into any other employment? I know of no people in this city who would be satisfied to pay their minister a low salary, and let him go out to work during the week, picking stones, weeding gardens, or even keeping books, to come into his desk Sabbath morning, exhausted with his week's toil, and obliged to improvise his sermons.

The most of the ministers are not as good at improvisation as our mediums have become, through the ministry of the blessed ones; and the physical drain of the week wears upon the mental in such a way as to unfit it entirely for dispensing the food that hungry souls come to the house of God to obtain. It is so with our preachers. Many, of both sexes, are slight and delicate in body, and could not endure rough life during the week. Besides, they must always be at some available place, in order to be called upon and questioned, and their itinerant life precludes their engaging in any local business. But some object to this itinerancy, and think speakers should locate, and radiate from that locality.

The world seems to equalize itself in commerce of all kinds, and in this mart of knowledge, it seems to be necessary to introduce different minds, that we may see a little of each, and finding a good in every one, not become sectarian in our views. Christ says, "Go through all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." I do not suppose he imagined it possible for any one man to go through all the world; but it seems to me the tendency of the passage is against locating. No sect but Spiritualists, if we except the Methodists, who tarry two years in a place, have pretended to follow in his footsteps in this respect. I hope there will be no locating of speakers for any length of time, except when it becomes necessary to the renovation of their health.

I was intending to touch a little upon a point noticed in Mr. Richard's letter a few weeks ago, but see that our friend Whiting of Michigan has replied more ably than I could, having had his own experience to refer to.

I do not wish by any means to be unjust to Miss Hardinge, but cannot understand what she means in her having fault found with her by mediums, for working at too low a rate, it being depreciatory to their advantage. At the East, she is one of the speakers that other mediums find fault with for charging too high, and injuring them that way. Perhaps she pursues a different plan West from what she does East; but in Western New York I have it from some of the Committees that she set her price full as high as in the East. We, in Providence, have always paid her \$5.00 per Sabbath more than the regular rate to which we are accustomed, and this certainly not from our own choice, but because we could not have her without.

Now I have not the slightest objection to any me-

diums setting their price; I advocate it; but do not like to have them speak as if it was a customary thing for them, all over the country, to work for what they were offered, and "sometimes pay back a part of that," and I was much surprised at that part of Miss H.'s communication. Let her distinguish between sections of the country, in her articles, if such is her practice to do in her lectures, otherwise many people at the East may think their committees are putting the money in their own pockets, instead of appropriating it as they report. I would like to see each lecturer paid twenty-five dollars per Sabbath, and shall help them to it as far as my influence is of avail. They have large traveling expenses to meet, and if they were sure of this every week, they might afford to lecture during the week in suburban villages or in the country for a much less rate.

It is said by some, "why should we pay this woman so much?—her husband would support her if she was not lecturing." When you say that, just ask why you should pay this man so much; would his wife not have to support him in his delicate health, if he did not lecture? The truth is, to begin with, a woman's labor, if it is equal to a man's, should receive the same recompense, according to Spiritualism, which is to say, turning these old musty notions very fast, that a woman was only an exceedingly proper fraction, to be written in this way, man, and has concluded that the two parts of said fraction look decidedly better standing side by side.

Again, my acquaintance with mediums is extensive, and I know that none of them are getting rich, not one. They each have some family or dear friend at home, that need every dollar as soon as it is paid to them. And when this is not the case, as I now recall in one or two instances, and the medium is getting grasping or avaricious, he is sure to be taken down sick, and use up his surplus in board and doctor's bills. These are only exceptions; but there is no rule without them. There are unseen equalizers at work, doing their duty, but perhaps not realizing the end and aim, any more than we often do of our duties in this life.

I must say very little more, for my article is long now, but in this connection it seems to be more appropriate than to delay to another time; but when many mediums are complaining to the public of a non-support, I think of what I heard a prominent brother in the field say: that "when his lecturing did not support him, and he had to solicit places to visit, he should consider he had a very loud call to stay at home, and should do so." Let mediums make themselves acceptable by being proper vessels for the spirit, and the people will call them loud enough for them to make no mistake.

Providence, R. I., Sept., 1861.

THE SPIRITUAL BATTLE-GROUND.

Your journal, Messrs. Editors, seems to occupy the position of a Border State between the Spiritual and the Natural, and bids fair to be the plane on which the great battle is to be fought in the mental sphere, for the Spiritual must conquer the Natural before the Celestial can rule, and before there can be peace with Freedom; and peace without Freedom is not to be desired. The battle that is now so strongly threatened on the plane of effects, has been, and is being fought in the mental world, where causes are brought into the field. Heretofore battles have been fought in the moving world, when the causes have been concealed. But since spirits and men have shaken hands across the Isthmus of Time, the battles have been more or less raging in the sphere of causes, and only at times have they descended to the Natural plane. But now they bid fair to come down to ultimates, though they must still be conducted in the world of mind.

I perceive that Mrs. Spence has been erecting several strong batteries on the ground she has taken. But I consider that she is somewhat of a seceder against true principles. Taking the side of the blind principles of Nature against the true Doctrine; setting up Nature, as it were, against God, and arguing that effects are greater than causes; that a blind principle of life may be the cause of intelligent manifestations, making the stream to rise higher than the fountain, presenting Nature without a partner dashing on like a chance game; much like a strong-minded woman going alone to raise a family, and though in these days woman, it is thought, can do almost anything, yet we have never seen one who was able to produce even her own likeness and equal, without the assistance of a help-mate or mate. But with him she may often transcend herself. So we apprehend it would be with Nature—not mere material things, but call her Wisdom, if you please, a title of no mean signification, and yet unless she has her bridegroom, she will fail to bring forth. Love is God, and Wisdom is his wife, and these two are one, the source of all intelligence, the esse and existence of all things—an intelligent person whose body is the truth, condensed, if you please, into the form of a perfect man, and this man of truth is heir to all things which he governs in righteousness; that is, by the rule of right. And man being constituted a free agent, is governed by two immutable principles. If he obey the laws of God through the principles of Nature, he will be led by Divine Providence through the straight gate and narrow way, to his final destination. He will be saved by knowledge, and be enabled to lay up treasures in heaven. But if he disobey the laws which govern him, he will still be led by Divine permission, be allowed to run in debt, and be required to pay up, and in the end will find that all his loose change is required to settle up accounts; and though he may himself be saved, yet he will suffer less, and have to begin the new life without capital, much to his disadvantage—more so than the child who has only to fill its will and understanding with good and truth; while the wanderer is spotted with transgressions, which he has endorsed, and which will require some trouble to take out the stains.

Many enter the field on the side of Nature, blind as the principle they profess to follow, and when the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch. They seem to think they must do battle against God, or the principle of nature will fall. They do not see that their safety and welfare depend upon the union of God and Nature, that revelation and reason must be united, that life and intelligence must work together in creation. Man cannot manufacture faith out of the pride of his own intelligence. But faith, like light, must be received, before it can be analyzed by knowledge. Faith comes in as a prior through the soul, but knowledge from without, as a posterior through the word, and from science. They must meet in the understanding to be vivified. As well might we expect to manufacture light from science, instead of receiving and believing that it exists and then analyze it, as to expect to come into faith posteriorly by means of science.

Science may analyze but will not produce faith. I consider that in Mrs. Spence's articles she manufactures faith, or seeks to come into truth posteriorly, and that she, though in communication with the spirit world, yet speaks from the natural; she does not distinguish properly between immortality and eternal life; between the disembodied spiritual man and the regenerated man. One is still the image of the World, though in spirit life. The other may be the image of heaven, though still in the body. She does not seem to understand the anatomy of the new man, but calls the animal life (which is the body of the spirit man when the material is laid aside) the soul, and makes the human life divine. Thus her divine man is only the immortal man, and what she calls the non-immortal is not yet a man, but only the animal life in common with other animals. And this animal man may have sense and science, which all animals have in some degree, called instinct. This man inhabits the basement story of the institution called man; he is a dependent man. The next story is the rational and the free, the platform of immortality—the independent man, the individualized institution, free to choose and suffer the consequences. This man may be said to lie in a horizontal position. If he turn himself toward heaven, he will receive good in his will and truth in his understanding, and thus become a regenerated man. The soul from above will be born within an image of good and truth, which is the Lord. On the other hand, if he by the abuse of his free will turn himself downward and shut out the light of heaven, the reflected light of the evil and the false will take possession of the understanding, and the will and the man will degenerate; his feet will be upward and his head downward, and he will see all things inverted. Thus good to him will appear as evil, and the truth as the false. And though he may retain the appearance of being erect on the external plane, yet internally he is inverted; and when he comes to the internal, he will appear to all who are upright with his head downward. Thus in the spirit world you can see which way the man is traveling; he becomes his own guideboard.

I see that some of these principles will meet with powerful opposition, and you, like some of the border States, may be inclined to maintain a neutral position; but this position cannot be preserved, for the neutrals that cannot be digested must be spewed out of the mouth with a place apart. And to endeavor to stop the course of truth descending from love and wisdom, would be more futile than to try to stem the current of Niagara with a dam of straw, after the waters had taken their final leap. So when the BANNER OF LIGHT closes its columns in this mental contest to a fair field and no favor, it will cease to be the BANNER OF LIGHT, and truth will seek some other channel for an outlet. Let truth and error grapple; only show fair play, and none need fear the result. The soldiers are now being drilled and the ammunition collected. They are being tried, and those who are faithful will be chosen, and, like the army of Gideon, when their light is made to shine, their enemies shall be put to flight and confusion. A. N. WOOLVERSON.

Hamilton, C. W.

Correspondence.

A Word to Female Lecturers.

The lesson of the hour is progression. Spiritualists embrace this as the basis of their doctrine. Yet as I look around me, viewing the customs and fashions of the people, I find that woman, even in the Spiritualistic ranks has yet to take the first step in the march of progress in the absurd fashions of dress. Suicide, the people have yet to learn, is not confined exclusively to throat-cutting, hanging, shooting, drowning, &c.; thousands, millions of cases exist, where life is taken by inches. In conversing with women on this important reform, all, with scarcely an exception, acknowledge the absurdities and injurious effects of fashion; yet life being of a secondary importance, compared with the flattery of men, they give their forms up to this monster suicide, and are thus drawn, inch by inch, into that untimely grave. As civilization advances, the fashions for dress become more absurd. Why this antagonism? Oh, woman, arouse yourself; awake from your unconscious stupidity; let not the millions that now exist, and the millions yet to exist, suffer from your negligence, from your lack of independence.

In conversing with mediums on this subject, I find they are quite enthusiastic when expressing their views in its favor, but they fail to practice their precepts; their excuse is, invariably, their influence they fear would decrease. Is it possible that a medium who has stood the scorn, contempt, and ridicule of the world, possesses not sufficient independence to stand before an audience, dressed in accordance with her own convictions of right? I doubt whether one person even can be found in the spiritualistic ranks who would condemn a moderate reform in dress. No, on the contrary, honor would they bestow on her who would stand before them, clothed in a style most adapted to her comfort and health.

A bloomer is an extreme, but no doubt the most easy style; yet it is too great a change at first. A dress shortened to about six inches from the ground will do to commence with; the waist to measure about four inches more than the body; the under garments to button on an under waist, (as loose as the outer); for thin tissue shoes, substitute good substantial ones, sufficiently large. For the head, the bonnet should be longer, the most important portion, the top, is now left entirely uncovered. Man complains if he is without a vizor, even to protect his eyes; woman is without a covering for the brain, much less for the eyes. Is this right? By adopting this reform, less frequent will be the cases of neuralgia, the feet more protected from cold and dampness, the lungs and ribs no longer cramped, the hips relieved of the injurious effects of the heavy weight resting thereon, the body around the waist will become less heated, the ankles and feet less liable to dampness, the dress no longer sopping the puddles in the streets, and the arms relieved of the irksome task of holding up the dress.

Thus I might continue to enumerate the benefits arising from this reform. Sufficient it is, however, to say, adopt it, and you will soon experience its blessings. Of all the qualities essential to one's growth, independence is the most important. Mediums possess a good deal of influence, hence the importance of the female portion adopting this reform. Let them but introduce it to their sex, as they journey from place to place, converts (in practice, not in precept alone) by thousands will be added to their reform list; thus will they possess not only a more healthy

body for themselves, a better organization through which the spirits can communicate, but the thanks and blessings of a multitude of happy hearts. Lecturers, lose no time in establishing this reform. A suffering humanity awaits you. Wait not for other personages of wider celebrity to introduce it, but commence yourselves, and thus stand before the people as true women. Be true to *self*, though the whole world oppose you. Progress is the world's guardian angel, and she who shares its sunshine and shadows will eventually be crowned with triumph. L. S. RICHARDS.

Quincy, Mass., Aug. 30, 1861.

Grove Meeting at Fremont, Ind.

One of those re-unions, where noble thoughts and free expressions are the order of the day—where the "weary and heavy laden" find rest—and they who labor in the Father's vineyard drink afresh from the fount of inspiration, was held at Fremont, August 17th and 18th, 1861.

The morning of Saturday was clear and brilliant as ever shone on Araby; the audience assembled, though not large in numbers, was yet a mighty force in the realm of mind and spirit; and we thought, with souls like those scattered up and down, how long shall spiritual darkness prevail on earth? Evidently all hearts were beating high with hopes of our nation's coming glory, its political and religious freedom. Speakers present, Bros. J. T. Rouse, A. Smith, S. P. Leland, and Mrs. Nellie Smith.

The session was opened by appropriate remarks by Mr. Rouse. Mr. Latson was elected President; Judge Gale, Vice President; Abraham Smith, Secretary.

The President introduced the objects of the meeting.

Mr. Rouse spoke of the signs of the times, the brightening prospects of our blessed cause, &c., in his usual impressive and happy style.

Mr. Smith followed with desultory remarks, when the session closed.

The afternoon session convened at 2 o'clock. Audience good. Short addresses by Mr. Brown, Mr. Fox of Orland, Mr. Rouse, and others. After which Mr. Smith delivered the stated lecture of the session.

The evening session was held in the Hall, when the attentive audience were addressed by Mrs. Nellie Smith, in her beautiful, poetical, yet logical manner.

The Sunday morning session convened at 9 o'clock. Audience large. Short speeches, soul-stirring and to the purpose, were made by numbers present. The convulsions now agitating our country had fired each heart with patriotic zeal, which could not do other than blend with its religious enthusiasm. The spirits of the mighty dead were near; those whose mortal energies were laid on the altar of Liberty, now uniting their sympathies with those who would struggle for the "inalienable rights" which they had gained but in part.

Mr. Rouse delivered the stated lecture of the session, on the needs of humanity.

The friends of Fremont and surrounding country having furnished refreshments in the grove, for the comfort of the physical man, the audience were dismissed for an hour.

The friends having refreshed the physical man, and in social converse spent the hour meted out to them, came together with their smiling, happy faces, and attentively listened to the stated lecture of the afternoon session, delivered by S. P. Leland, on the revelations of nature, in his flowing and eloquent manner. After which, Mrs. Griffin, the well-known and able advocate of human rights, was introduced to the audience. She carried her audience along step by step—glowingly, eloquently, she made her appeal to the hearts of those who call their country "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Evening session.—Hall crowded with eager faces, waiting to hear words of cheer from the beautiful hereafter.

Mr. Smith spoke for an hour on the soul's origin, its relations, and its destiny.

A lady, entranced, spoke of the nearness of the angel world to ours.

Mrs. Nellie Smith followed with brief remarks, and an appropriate song.

Generously the people of Fremont had tendered the hospitalities of their homes to the gathered assembly, and a vote of thanks was heartily given. Also a purse was made up for the speakers, characteristic of the usual benevolence of the whole-hearted *Prairie Princess* of the glorious West.

On motion, it was resolved that the Secretary be requested to transmit a copy of the proceedings of this meeting to the Banner of Light and Herald of Progress, when, amid general good feeling, the meeting closed. ABRAHAM SMITH, Sec'y.

Brief Definitions.

What is spirit?
It is the all-pervading, universal positive element of Nature—the only motive power or force principle in the universe.

What is God?
The sum total of Spirit, the totality of force or motive power.

What is matter?
Everything is matter. In contradistinction to Spirit matter, it is the negative of Spirit—it is that which spirit attracts around it, or with which it clothes itself, and through which Spirit manifests itself.

What is nature?
The manifestation of God.

What is man?
A fragment of Spirit individualized or insulated in organized matter. The Spirit of man is a spark of Divinity, the body is the Leyden-jar that holds it.

What is life?
The mutual attraction and repulsion of spirit and matter—the friction of the machinery that rubs off the sparks of Divinity.

What is mind?
It is the simple compound of Spirit and the highest form of matter below it.

What is knowledge?
It is the impression or influence of other forms of matter on mind.

What is intuition?
It is the susceptibility of mind to impression or influence.

What is volition?
It is the elective affinity of mind for different impressions. A. W. B.

Fulton City, Ill., July 12.

A farmer of our acquaintance, who has been trying to improve the quality of his apples, complains that, "instead of improving, they go backwards." We suppose they are crab apples.

New Publications.

WHATSOEVER IS, IS RIGHT, VINDICATED. Being a letter to Cynthia Temple; briefly reviewing her theory of it. It is not all right. By A. P. McCombs. For sale at the Banner of Light office, 158 Washington st., Boston. Price ten cents.

This pamphlet contains twenty-four pages, and is addressed to Cynthia Temple, who is the purported author of another pamphlet published about six months ago with the title, "It Is Not All Right." The author does what can be done in so short space, to set forth the all right doctrine, which has been so ably presented by Dr. Child in a book under the same title; and also to refute the untenable position taken by Cynthia Temple. The pamphlet is well written and the arguments are clear and conclusive. It is better adapted to meet the taste of those who are sticklers for argument, than are the fearless dashing intuitions of Dr. Child that he has uttered, as if he thought argument superfluous and unnecessary. The arguments of the author are better adapted to meet the popular taste than are the terse and undying assertions of Benjamin Blood, in the book called "Optimism," which book is a powerful presentation of the same doctrine. The writer claims that he has "over maintained the doctrine of nature's perfect ability;" so we may conclude that experience in this doctrine enables him to show what influence this doctrine will have upon the lives of the people. We quote the concluding paragraph of the book:

"This glorious axiom of 'Whatever Is, Is Right,' will bear the most thorough examination, and severest scrutiny, and is the only doctrine that will or can reconcile the condition of our race with the infinite goodness, power and wisdom of Him who is the author and controller of the whole. This alone gives man a truer conception of his own existence, of suffering and disease. Teaches him the philosophy of the warring and conflict without and within him, and throughout the entire world which he is blended, intermingled and commingled, and from which he can never be separated. And instead of teaching him 'to drive along the roads of life with a loose rein,' and do all sorts of evil things, it teaches him to yield an intelligent worship to nature's God, to wage an eternal war on ignorance and intolerant bigotry. It expands his love and sympathy until it envelopes the entire race. Looking upon and enjoying life as it is. Living in harmony with nature and his surroundings, and finally making him a kinder neighbor, a better citizen and truer man."

We have received a neatly printed pamphlet, which the reader will find duly advertised in another place, entitled "AN EYE-OPENER; OR CATHOLICISM UNMASKED." It is published by the author, at Indianapolis. It is indeed a wonderful production. The citations of Scripture, and above all, of Scripture history, and the history of the days of the Fathers, are a sharp and unanswerable response to the questions which dogmatists and bigoted ritualists would put him. His whole object appears to be to help others to a clear knowledge of the truth. He declares, what all reflecting persons know, that "error of opinion has been productive of more human misery than any other cause;" and he asks for nothing but free and untrammelled discussion. The thousands who will read this little book will be astonished to find on how slight a basis the religious customs and formularies of the world have been built. The work is for sale at the "Banner of Light Bookstore." See advertisement.

THE FALSE AND TRUE MARRIAGE: The Reason and Results. By Mrs. H. F. M. Brown. Cleveland Ohio.

Any one who knows the talented authoress of this pamphlet, can surmise what it is purport, style, and view of the marriage relation. It is written in a powerful, striking manner, and carries through all its pages the imprint of a soul fiery-furnaced with the experiences of a strong, aspiring life. Bela Marsh sells the pamphlet. Ten cents a copy.

THE ARMY AND NAVY FIRE INSTRUCTOR.—This publication, at the present juncture, is in great demand. It is a thorough work, and, aside from instructions, it contains several hundred tunes for the fife. Price, 50 cents. For sale by G. W. Robbins, No 88 Court street.

Personal.

Major Robert A. Wainwright, formerly commandant of the Arsenal at Watertown, Mass., lately returned from important military service for the last two years in New Mexico, has arrived in New York. He is ordered by the War Department to superintend the arming of all the forts and batteries in New York harbor and vicinity with guns of large calibre and the most approved pattern. He is one of the most efficient officers in the regular army, loyal and true, and will carry out the plans of the Government with energy and ability.

Thomas Gates Forster, we learn, has been appointed to a clerkship in the War Department at Washington. Mr. F. was formerly connected with this paper. He is a gentleman of education, of strict integrity, and we are pleased to know that so worthy a man is in the employment of the General Government.

Dr. N. B. Wolfe, formerly of Boston, has been residing lately in Columbia, Penn., where he has been practicing the healing art, a la Newton, with great success. He has accepted a commission as surgeon in a Pennsylvania regiment, and has just gone to the seat of war.

Dr. J. R. Orton, the former business partner of the late Dr. Redman, the medium, has received a clerkship appointment in the New York Custom House.

Rev. John Pierpont is the Chaplain of the 22d Massachusetts regiment, under Col. Henry Wilson.

Mrs. Fannie B. Felton has returned to Boston, and is again at her old home, No. 25 Kneeland street.

R. P. Wilson, formerly of Boston, is at River Styx, Ohio.

Inducement to Subscribers.

To any one who will send us three dollars, with the names of three new subscribers for the BANNER OF LIGHT, for six months, we will send a copy of either, **WHATSOEVER IS, IS RIGHT**, by Dr. Child, **THE Axiom of Nature**, by Hudson Tuttle, or, **TWELVE LECTURES**, by Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, with a splendid steel engraving of Mrs. Hatch. These works are all published for one dollar each, and this is an offer worthy the immediate attention of our readers, for we shall continue it in force only two months.

Mrs. S. S. CHAPPELL, whose permanent address is now at Hastings, Oswego Co., N. Y., has taken the lecturing field anew, and is reported as becoming very efficient, brilliant and moving in her efforts, winning in manners and appearance, and fearless and free in the utterance of spiritual and reformatory principles, demanded by the times.

We must want a thing before we can value it.

Reaction.

It is asserted—and to us there appears to be much reason in the assertion—that as soon as the rebel arms meet with a defeat at the hands of the Unionists, the suppressed opposition sentiment at the South will make itself heard. All it wants is an opportunity for expression. For Jeff. Davis to lose a pitched battle would be his overthrow; because numbers would improve the event to come out boldly with their opinions, and a party would at once be organized in direct hostility to the present government, from whose growing power it would have everything to fear. We hear continually that there is disaffection even among the rebel leaders, most of them being jealous of the assumptions of Davis. Gov. Brown, of Georgia, is said to have issued a proclamation, calling home the State troops; and it is reported that Georgia is all ready to go out of the Confederate alliance. It is more than likely that this reactionary feeling will increase with time, and, unless we are interfered with by France and England, that the disaffected States will come back to their allegiance of their own accord.

Summer Evening Moonlight.

To be conscious of one's mere existence, sitting in the mild influence of the full summer moon, is all one can ask for. These are moments that possess a sort of fairy nature. Then the spirits are lulled to a delicious repose. The stillness is like the unbroken glassiness of a sleeping lake. Every sound of voice or foot is toned down to the influence of the air. Music comes to the ear in more melodious strains. The soft airs of the flute almost ravish the soul, so close do they keep harmony with the time. Now is the hour for lovers to walk, for all things invite to sweet confidence. "How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!" exclaims Romeo. "Soft stillness and the night become the touches of sweet harmony." Along the quiet lanes, beneath the branching elms, drifting carelessly down the pond or river, seated on the porch in the shelter of the woodbine, and plucking the leaves with nervousness, the summer moonlight brings new and profound experiences, whose very existence we wonder at in the broad light of returning day.

The Old Constitution.

We strike for the old flag, the old Country, and the old Constitution. This is the charter by which we assert the rights of the present generation, and the priceless inheritance of millions yet unborn. True, we shall undoubtedly make some important changes in that time-honored instrument, as Mr. Seward himself was quite ready to admit last winter; for a new generation naturally requires different things from the old. Once in at least fifty years, every free Constitution ought to be overhauled for repairs. But we will not meddle with ours now. We will first wait and see if we have one at all, and if it has force and vitality enough to command its own operation over all the people of the States; and after this rebellion shall have been quelled, squelched, trodden under foot, and trampled out of existence, we shall be willing on all sides to come together again as our fathers did, and adjust such differences as exist between us in a spirit of patriotic concession. But no changes are to be talked of, while rebels threaten with arms in their hands.

Spiritualists' Picnic and Clam Bake.

In consequence of the severe storm of Wednesday last, the picnic advertised to be held at Island Grove, Abington, was postponed to Thursday, and hundreds who desired to attend were prevented from doing so. There was a large number in attendance, however, and the party were so much gratified with the excursion, the able addresses by Prof. Butler and others, the admirable Clam Bake, &c., that, by a unanimous vote, it was decided to have another gathering at the same Grove on Wednesday, September 18th, and, in case of a storm on that day, to postpone it to Friday, September 20th, thus affording those who were disappointed by the late storm, another opportunity to enjoy themselves in a rational way. Hon. Warren Chase, Prof. Clarence Butler, and other eloquent speakers, have been engaged.

The arrangements for excursionists to the forthcoming picnic from all the way-stations upon the Old Colony and Fall River Railroad, are the same as those advertised in the BANNER of last week. Special trains from Boston will leave the Old Colony Depot at 8.45 and 11.30 o'clock A.M. Fare, Adults, 60 cents. Children, 30 cents.

Lecture by Hon. Warren Chase.

We are gratified to learn that the Hon. Warren Chase, of Michigan, will deliver two lectures in Allston Hall on Sunday, Sept. 22d, commencing at 2.45 and 7.15 o'clock P.M. Subject: "The Present Rebellion and its Results." Mr. Chase is well known to all Spiritualists as one of the first and ablest exponents of our beautiful philosophy, having for many years been constantly engaged in disseminating its truth throughout the Northern, Middle, Western and Southern States, and has devoted much attention to the causes which have led to the present fratricidal war. We hope to see Allston Hall filled to overflowing on this occasion. An admission fee of ten cents will be taken at the door.

Royal Visitors.

Prince De Joinville has arrived in this country, bringing his son, whom he desires to place in the Naval Academy at Newport. Quite a compliment to Republican institutions, is it not?

Prince Napoleon, the papers tell us, has just been warmly received at Montreal, and the City Government of Boston are making arrangements to welcome him here in good style, and we always pride ourselves that no city shall excel us in the interchange of fraternal feeling with our trans-Atlantic brothers.

Death of Lizzie Doten's Father.

Capt. Samuel Doten died at his residence in Plymouth, at 8 o'clock on Sunday, the 8th inst., aged seventy-eight. He was one of the prominent citizens of Plymouth, and for many years master of vessels upon the sea. Besides Lizzie, the popular and gifted trance-speaker, he has left two sons, both commanders of companies in the Massachusetts Volunteer service.

Special Notice.

All Western Bank notes, excepting those of the State Bank of Ohio, are uncurrent in this section; hence our subscribers and others who have occasion to remit us funds, are requested to send bills on the above named Bank, in case Eastern money cannot be conveniently procured—or one cent or three cent stamps of the new issue.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

We publish on our eighth page the remainder of the report of the Oswego Spiritual Conference. Our Brother Clark is as singularly happy in trapping the ideas of others, as he is in giving forth his own. We are under obligations to him for the interest he has taken in the success of the BANNER. May the times soon warrant you in resuming your old position, Bro. C., where you can pierce the shrouded souls of foggy dom with your Clarion notes of freedom, as you have in times gone by, and have new energy to lead on the forces of spiritualism and reform with your stirring call, over the "masked batteries" of Superstition and Bigotry—what confederates! And may we all feel that we have done our best to extend the reign of Truth on earth—that truth of Spiritualism that makes men free indeed.

Ex-Governor George N. Briggs, who was wounded in a singular and terrible manner by the discharge of a gun, a few days ago, died Friday morning at his residence in Pittsfield. Notwithstanding the severity of the wound, his lower jaw having been shot and lacerated in a frightful manner, hopes had been entertained of his ultimate recovery, but at last an unfavorable change took place, and he died Friday morning, aged 67 years.

A HEAP OF LIVELY TRUTH IN A NUT SHELL.—I plow, I sow, I reap, I mow, I get up wood for winter; I dig, I hoe, and taters grows, and for aught I know I owe the printer. I do suppose all knowledge flows, right from the printing press; so off I goes, in these ere clothes, to settle up—I guess!

Too Good to be Lost.—A Presbyterian clergyman, while walking the deck of a steamer at St. John, N. B., where secessionism has considerable footing, noticing the American flag flying from the masthead of a ship, tauntingly said to Col. Favor: "Why do n't you take a slice off that flag, since you have lost a portion of your country?" Yankee-like, the Colonel quickly replied: "Why do n't you tear a leaf from your Bible, because a part of your church have fallen from grace?" The clergyman had no more to say on that subject.

OUR LITTLE ANNIE.

She is gone! she is dead! her best spirit has fled From this earth, full of sorrow and woe! By angels now led to His presence, who said, "Tis to gain you a welcome I go."

In the realms of the blest, her pure soul will find rest. Then give way no more to your sorrow; 'Tis a blessing confessed—the first are the best. To make us more willing to follow.

GEORGE G. W. MORGAN.

Said Gen. Butler, in his reception address at Springfield: "It is a curious coincidence, that on the soil of old Virginia, where the Dutch landed the first slave, there on the very spot freedom to the slave was announced as one of the results of the war. It is a coincidence which has occurred to me since that time, but it was there that I first proclaimed slaves as contraband of war. The constitutional rights of every man who is true to the country, will be respected, but those who are found with arms in their hands, must expect to have their property confiscated and their slaves set free. We have been trying to solve the problem for a long time, how we should live with four millions of slaves, and if, need be, we can demonstrate our ability to live with four millions of freemen."

The Government has contracted for the manufacture of ten thousand sabres, with an Eastern scythe manufacturer.

The Nahant House was burned by an incendiary on the 11th inst. It was unoccupied. Insured for \$50,000; valued at \$175,000.

"When a man is obviously drunk he should not be called 'beastly intoxicated.' That is simply insulting the animal creation, for they never get drunk."

The Odd Fellows of East Haddam, Conn., have received for safe keeping, from a corporal of the Fourth Regiment, a satin banner, taken from a lodge room in Harper's Ferry, which was soaked when the rebels occupied the place. It is the intention of Middlesex Lodge to return the banner, at the close of the war.

By six qualities may a fool be known—anger without cause, speech without profit, change without motive, inquiry without an object, putting trust in a stranger, and wanting capacity to discriminate between a friend and a foe.

While one of our chaplains of the army was repeating this line in the Lord's prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," a soldier added with a loud voice, "fresh!"

FOUR CURSES.

Cursed be the social wants
That sin against the strength of youth;
Cursed be the social lies
That warp us from the living truth!
Cursed be the sickly forms
That err from honest nature's rule;
And cursed be the gold that glides
The straightened forehead of a fool.

[Tennyson.]

As we stand by the sea-shore and watch the huge tides come in, we retreat, thinking we will be overwhelmed; soon, however, they flow back. So with the waves of trouble in this world—they threaten us, but a firm resistance makes them break at our feet.

WEALTH.—Let us not envy some men their accumulated riches; their burden would be too heavy for us; we could not sacrifice, as they do, health, quiet, honor, and conscience, to obtain them—it is too pay so dear for them, that the bargain is a loss.

The sentiment and desire of all loyal people is well expressed by the Providence Journal thus:—There is no danger that in adopting all the measures necessary for the public safety, the Government will go beyond the popular wish. The Constitution and the Union are assailed, the very existence of the nation is threatened, and the means to preserve them and to break down the rebellion, are to be limited only by the power of the Government. If it should fail to put forth any and every effort in such a crisis the men to whom it has been entrusted would prove faithless to their high commission, and would fall short of the just expectations of the people.

Fifty tons of iron ore, from the immense ore beds of Litchfield, Conn., were shipped this week, via New York, to Liverpool. It is stated that large orders have been received for the ore, and that the supply is inexhaustible.

Mrs. HYNZ, formerly of Lagrange place, has returned, after a few weeks' rest in the country, and has taken rooms at the house of Mrs. Hattie Denham, 75 Beach street, with health and strength improved. She is now fresh and vigorous for manifestations from the angel world.

Count Zamoyaki, a Polish orator, recently proved, by documentary evidence, before an English audi-

ence, that while Prussia and Austria earnestly desired the restoration of Poland, England, by the acts of her statesmen, was opposed to it.

Old Gussiefunction having drank nine mugs of elder at a neighbor's house one evening, observed, upon rising to leave, "I believe, neighbor T, I'll take a little more of your elder. I love good elder as well as anybody, but as for swilling it down as some people do, I never could."

The greatest thing a human being ever does in this world is to see something, and tell what he sees in a plain way. Hundreds of people can talk, for one who can think, but thousands can think for one who can see.

A pleasant jest in time of misfortune is courage to the heart, strength to the arm, and digestion to the stomach.

As a fruit of the emancipation of Italy from her royal and ducal despots, the press of that country is asserting its freedom in the criticism of public men and doings. But a resolute enemy of such freedom is still found in the Romish hierarchy, wherever this sympathizes with the dogma of the supremacy of the Pope in temporal as well as in spiritual affairs.

CAUTION.

You know how fickle common lovers are: Their oaths and vows are cautiously believed, For few there are but have been once deceived.

[Dryden.]

"Why, Uncle Dewlittle, how dew you dew? Come in and rest a little while, dew. How dew Aunt Hannah dew, and what is she dewing? Dew tell us all the news. Come, dew sit up to the table and dew as we dew; dew help yourself, and dew talk some, and dew not make me dew all the talking, for I shan't dew it. Now dew say something, dew."

FOUR GENERATIONS "IN THE FIELD!"—Quite an unusual spectacle was witnessed a few days since, in looking upon a meadow in Reading, and seeing Nehemiah Bancroft, aged ninety-three years, his son James Bancroft, his grandson Edward Parker, and his great-grandson Francis P. Kimball, mowing together.

To whom is the hater of his species invariably wedded?—To Miss An Thropy.

"I guess you mean to bring up that ere one to be pretty sharp at a bargain," said a wag to a woman who was rocking and singing to a little responsibility. "Why?" "Cause you keep bawling, 'By-law, baby, by-law,' into his ears all the time."

A SMILE.

Aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance where they grow;
But crushed and trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around. —Goldsmith.

The following is an inscription on a gravestone in Winslow, Maine: "Here lies the body of Richard Thoman an Englishman by birth. A whig of '76. By occupation a Cooper. Now food for worms. Like an old rum-punchon, marked, numbered, and shooed. He will be raised again to be finished by his Creator. He died Sept 28 aged 75. America my adopted country, my advice to you is. Take care of your liberties."

In the town of T—, there was a shoemaker who at times officiated as preacher. He always wrote the notices himself, in order to save the expense of printing. Here is one of them: "There will be preaching in the pines this Sunday afternoon on the subject, 'All who do not believe will be damned at three o'clock.'"

PRINCIPLE.

In these times of our nation's wrong,
When patriot hearts grow great and strong
With every son of liberty,
Let principle the watchword be.
Let right arm every sword with might,
And truth the motto be for fight,
Let dignity our banner be,
And principle the watchword be.
Let mind, o'er wrong, assert its power,
In each and every trying hour,
And loyal souls to freedom, see
That principle the watchword be.
When such high motto we can feel,
No foe on earth can brave our steel,
For wrong, must cease, and Error flee,
If principle the watchword be. C. S. W.

We have a communication from Dr. H. F. Gardner in regard to the singular and astonishing spiritual manifestations he has witnessed through the mediumship of Mr. Charles H. Foster, who is now located at No. 75 Beach street, which we shall print in our next issue.

To Correspondents.

BRO. HINSHAW.—We have not yet seen the article to which you refer. Please forward the MSS.

The Poem on the "Death of Napoleon," the author is informed, will appear in No. 2, Vol. 10. We have made a note of your request.

WHAT IS DIPHTHERIA?—We see by our exchanges that a malignant disease of the throat and lungs is remarkably prevalent and somewhat fatal. Many people are much frightened respecting it, because the faculty, who are always noted for high sounding technicalities, have given it the name of *diphtheria*.

We learn from Dr. STONE, the distinguished physician of the Troy Lung Institute, that it is nothing more nor less than the old disease known as membranous Croup and Plastic Bronchitis—in other words, it shows a disordered state of the blood, in which condition, severe colds develop an exudation of lymph, or false membranes, the predisposing cause, is the contending, being disordered digestion and assimilation. So this quite fatal phenomena only goes to prove the necessity of correct habits of living, and establishing regular habits and functions of the body.

We learn from Dr. STONE, that he has treated many inveterate cases successfully; among them is the case of EX-GOV. TALLMADGE, who came near succumbing from the formation of false membranes in the bronchial tubes, but by the skillful treatment of Dr. S., they were caused to be expectorated, eight inches and more in length. We are confident that Dr. STONE understands this malady well, and is capable of treating it with great success.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BRONFIELD STREET, BOSTON.—Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday at 10 1-2 A.M. and at 3 and 7 1-2 P.M. P. Clark, Chairman. The Boston Spiritual Conference meets every Tuesday evening, at 7 1-2 o'clock. (The proceedings are reported for the BANNER.) The subject for next Tuesday evening is:—"Amity."

A meeting is held every Thursday evening, at 7 1-2 o'clock, for the development of the religious nature, or the growth of Spiritualists. Jacob Edson, Chairman.

NEW YORK.—At Lamartine Hall, corner 8th Avenue and 28th street, meetings are held every Sunday at 10 1-2 A.M. & 7 1-2 P.M. Dr. H. Dresser is Chairman of the Association.

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Meetings are held in Williams' Hall, Western Avenue. Mrs. Mary M. Macomber speaks through Oct. Miss Fannie Davis three first Sundays in Nov.; Warren Chase, Dec. 1st; Mrs. Laura DeForest, Dec. 8th, 15th, 22nd, and 29th; Miss Belle Scougall, January 12th, 19th, and 26th. Meeting Afternoon and Evening, at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock. An admission fee of 5 cents will be received to defray expenses.

CHARLESTOWN.—Sunday meetings are held regularly at Central Hall, afternoon and evening.

GROUVER.—Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday, at the Town Hall.

FOXSBORO.—Meetings first, third and fifth Sundays of each month, in the Town Hall, at 1 1-2 and 8 1-2 P.M.

LEONMINSTER, Mass.—The Spiritualists of Leonminster hold regular meetings on Sunday, at the Town Hall. Services commence at 1 1-2 and 7 1-2 P.M.

NEW BEDFORD.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Conference Meetings held Sunday mornings, and speaking by medium, afternoon and evening. The following speakers are engaged:—Miss Belle Scougall, Dec. 1st, 8th, 15th, and 22nd.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sunday, forenoon and afternoon, in Wells's Hall. Speakers engaged:—Miss Fanny Davis in October. Forthward, Mass.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Lancaster Hall. Conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Miss Lizzie Doten during September; Miss Laura DeForest during October; Miss Susan M. Johnson, the third last Sunday in November; Miss Emma Harding, two last Sabbaths in December; G. B. Stebbins, during January, 1862; Belle Scougall, during Feb.

PROVIDENCE.—Speakers engaged:—Mrs. A. M. Spence in September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, the first two and Susan M. Johnson the last two Sabbaths of Oct.; Belle Scougall in Nov.; Leo Miller in Dec.; Frank L. Wadsworth for May.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TRANS.—A limited number of advertisements will be inserted in this paper at fifteen cents per line for each insertion. Liberal discount made on standing advertisements.

MEDICAL TREATMENT—NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLE. DR. ALFRED G. KALL, M. D., Professor of Pathology, author of the New Theory of Medical Practice on the Nutritive Principle, may be consulted on the treatment of every form of humor, weakness and disease, in person or by letter, from any part of the country. It is restorative in its effects, reliable in the most prostrate cases, and justly worthy of the confidence of the afflicted. All the Medicines used are purely vegetable. No 250 Washington Street, Boston Mass. April 6.

GRACE L. BEAN, Writing Test Medium, No. 3 Lathrop Place, (leading from Hanover street.) 49w Sept. 21.

NOTICE.

THE undersigned has removed his office to No. 2 HAYWARD PLACE, where he will be happy to attend to all professional calls.

On Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays, MRS. CONANT will be at his rooms for the purpose of consulting.

Chiropractic Examinations of Diseases. Persons residing at a distance, who wish to avail themselves of the most reliable method of obtaining a correct diagnosis of their diseases, can do so by enclosing lock of their hair, together with one dollar and a three cent stamp. Prescriptions put up with full directions if desired. Fees for Examinations, \$1.00 to be paid at the time. Office hours, 9 to 12 A.M., and 2 to 6 P.M. Letters may be addressed to

Dr. J. T. GILMAN PIKE.

July 30. " No. 2 Hayward Place, Boston, Mass.

New Books.

A NEW BOOK.

A extraordinary book has made its appearance, published at Indianapolis, Ind. The following is the title:

AN EYE-OPENER; OR, CATHOLICISM UNMASKED.

BY A CATHOLIC PRIEST.

Containing: "Doubts of Infidelity," embodying thirty important Questions to the Clergy; also, forty Close Questions to the Doctors of Divinity, by Zera; a curious and interesting work, entitled, *Le Bruin*, and much other matter, both amusing and instructive.

This book will cause a greater excitement than anything of the kind ever printed in the English language. When the "Eye Opener" first appeared, its effects were so unprecedentedly electric and astounding, that the Clergy, in consultation, proposed buying the copyright and first edition for the purpose of suppressing this extraordinary production. The work was finally submitted to the Rev. Mr. West, for his opinion, who returned for answer, that the Book submitted for his examination, threatened, it was true, the demolition of all creeds, nevertheless, in his opinion, nothing would be gained by its suppression. Said he, let truth and error grapple.

The "Eye-Opener" should be in the hands of all who desire to think for themselves. Price, 40 cents, postpaid. The trade furnished on liberal terms. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington st., Boston. 49w Sept. 14.

"WHATSOEVER IS, IS RIGHT" VINDICATED. BY A. P. McCOMBS. A Pamphlet of twenty-four pages, containing clear and lucid arguments in support of the ALL RIGHT doctrine, and a perfect overthrow of the claims in opposition to this doctrine as set forth by Cynthia Temple, in a pamphlet entitled, "It Is Not All Right." For sale at the Banner of Light Bookstore, 158 Washington street, Boston. Price 10 cents. 49w Sept. 14.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

The oldest and largest paper in America and the world, which is devoted to the elucidation of the science and religion of Modern Spiritualism, will enter upon its twenty sixth volume, September 28th, 1861. Though the pressure of the times, which has proved so disastrous to many newspaper establishments in our country, has made us feel its influence severely, yet we are proud to say we have surmounted all obstacles, and been able to keep the BANNER on a foundation of solidity and responsibility; yet we need, and must have, in order for our continued existence, the support of all true Spiritualists. We have resolved to make every personal sacrifice and self-denial for the good of the cause, and only ask our readers to meet us in the same spirit; for they know, as well as we do, that the BANNER is well worth its subscription money, as more labor is expended on it, we venture to say, than on any other weekly paper in America. It being generally filled with entirely original matter, and often—anonymous or otherwise—from some of the brightest minds in this and the spirit sphere.

Its pleasing variety

Has always been acknowledged to be one of its greatest merits, since every one can find that within its columns suited to his growth and scope of mind—from the witty joke to the philosophical discourse; from the absorbing novel to the labored essay.

Our Literary Department.

Always so popular will never be the less so, for we have made arrangements to publish two or three continued Stories during the next volume, which will equal, if not surpass, anything we have ever published.

Original Essays

Will hereafter appear, as in the past, from the best pens in the field of Spiritual, Theological, Political and Social Reform.

Our Message Department.

The publication of which we feel is an instrument of incalculable good to the denizens of both spheres of life—giving us, as it does, exact portrayals of character existing in the future life, and demonstrating the beautiful and rational fact of Spiritualism, that as we leave this world, we are destined to enter the world of spirits, and so remain until by labor and perseverance we are able to ascend the road of progression—is under the care of an experienced and skillful reporter, and the

Public Circles.

At which these communications are given through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. CONANT, we shall continue to sustain, trusting the public will investigate for themselves, and become fully satisfied in their own minds of the truth of these phenomena.

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER was written by the spirit who gave it, and is published as such. It is not published on account of literary merit, but as a testimony to the fact that the spirits of the dead are in communication with the living. We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond, and to do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than mere souls. We have the public should know of the spirit-world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following named spirits will be published in regular course:

Monday, Aug. 19.—Invocation: "Is it right, under any circumstances, to resist evil, or return evil for evil?" George Mather, New York City; Harriet Willoughby, Chicago, to Mr. and Mrs. John Case; Fanny Parsons, Augusta, Me.
Tuesday, Aug. 20.—Invocation: "What is the cause of the present civil war?" Robert A. Olds, Collinsville, Ill.; Henry Stone, Detroit, Mich.; Peter to Maria Lewis, Greenboro, Ala.
Thursday, Aug. 22.—Invocation: "The unreliability of spirit intercourse?" Gen. Robert S. Garnett, C. B. A.; Andrew Heiler, 4th Missouri Regiment; Frances Adelaide Story, Washington, D. C.
Monday, Aug. 26.—Invocation: "The beginning of the Creation?" Lieut. Greble, U. S. A.; Henry Constantine Smith, Capt. R. A. Walworth; Stella McCosta, Baltimore; Col. Ziek.
Tuesday, Aug. 27.—Invocation: "What is the condition of those spirits who dwell in the general judgment day and the resurrection of the material body?" Betsey Jane Phillips, Exeter, N. H.; Charles Hill, sailor, New Bedford; Thomas Lord, Roxbury.
Thursday, Aug. 29.—Invocation: "How does the functional life of the spirit differ from that of the earthly body?" Daniel Morgan, Newcastle, Eng.; Mrs. H. Marion Stephens, Boston.
Monday, Sept. 3.—Invocation: "The second Death?" Lieut. Thomas Gurney, South Carolina; Samuel Davis, Northfield, Vt.
Thursday, Sept. 5.—Invocation: "Is the death of the mortal body a necessity, and if so, why?" Edward B. Richards, Bristol, Conn.; Eliza Wall, Boston; Mary Murray, Boston.
Monday, Sept. 8.—Invocation: "Progress of infants?" Samuel Kimball, Derry, N. H.; Henry T. Harris, Carrollton, Ala.; Ida Malt, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Tuesday, Sept. 10.—"What is the Philosophy of Prophecy?" Daniel Meagher, Liverpool, Eng.; Frances Isadora Staples, Princeton, N. J.; Johnson Pierce, liquor dealer, New York.

Our Circles.

The circles at which the following communications are given, are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 168 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM No. 3, every MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY afternoon, at three o'clock, and are free to the public.

Invocation.

Oh, our God of the mortal and immortal, Father and Mother of all things, again we approach thee with songs of thanksgiving and praise. Again our souls draw nigh unto thee in prayer, blessing thee, our Father and our Mother, for the gifts thou hast bestowed upon us—for that thou hast given us at all times, whether under the dark clouds of sorrow, or covered with the rainbow. For all things before us, around, beneath and above us, we thank thee, oh our Father. And we thank thee in behalf of the great multitude who people the earth. Oh Lord our God, in behalf of that portion who fall to perceive thee as they ought, and to see thy glorious face in the midst of sorrow, we offer praises unto thee. And while we exist in mortal, may we know that whatever is, is for our good, and thus thou wilt have taught us to believe in thee and trust thee, and through endless eternity we will ever praise thee as our God and our Father. Aug. 12.

The Change called Death.

If there are any present who have a subject to propose, or a question to ask, we are ready to hear and answer as we can.

A visitor proposed:

"The change that takes place when the spirit leaves the body; and the occupation of the spirit."

Every human being is governed by the laws that belong to that individual, and that alone. Now as each are governed, guided and controlled by a law peculiar to themselves, the passing out of one spirit differs from that of another, and that which would be the experience of one would not be of another. Many suppose—indeed, is a general belief—that the change called death is a very painful one. It is believed to be so under any and all conditions, but it is a matter quite as uncertain as the Orthodox religion—quite as true as that those who do not believe exactly as Mr. or Mrs. So-and-so believe, will be cast into a pit of endless torment.

In nine cases out of ten, when the messenger of change, or Death, lays his hand upon the individual, there is no more distress. He has set up his kingdom, and it is antagonistic to mortality; and as mortal and physical go hand in hand, those who have done away with the law mortal, have reached a point where all physical suffering must cease. So when death has positively claimed one as its own, or set up its kingdom and superseded the mortal, then there is no more physical suffering, and the spirit passes out of the material body with ease, because sustained by law—by law natural and divine also.

Death has been ever regarded with fear and trembling, because humanity has never dared to fully investigate the character of that angel-messenger—never dared to, we say, because each and all have been prone to put off that which their religion had painted in such horrible colors, and instead of seeking to know or understand, or make themselves familiar with what all must come to sooner or later, you put him off, and when he comes you fear him, simply because you never made yourselves acquainted with him.

Now it is the privilege of all to become acquainted with this messenger, Death—at least all who have come to years of maturity, and whose intellect has expanded to a proper degree. But oh, the great boon of heaven has been too much disguised; the best of God's gifts the world has trampled under its feet. Christianity has pretended to understand death, and says she does not fear it, but courts its coming. But is it so? Those who can look beyond the external know it is not so.

After the spirit has been fully cleansed, or been set aside from the confines of the tomb of the flesh, it remains generally for a greater or less time in a state of partial unconsciousness—indeed, in most cases, in consequence of remedies which had been administered to the physical form prior to the change of death. In seven cases out of ten, the medical practitioners who are called in at the last hour, desire to do something to mitigate or remedy the physical distress—desire to banish, as far as may be, human suffering; and we do not blame them, either; but we would like them, one and all, to make themselves better acquainted with the spirit—for the spiritual and physical are so closely connected, that while the former inhabits the latter, to affect one is to affect the other. Now if the practitioner gives any remedies that prevent the free use of the material organs, or prevent their operation, then the spirit passes on unconscious, because of its want of power, and because that which connects the material with the spiritual, is, through kindness, sundered, that the thinking part might not know how much of hell was going on in the physical.

Now as we desire to see mortality free from its pains and sorrows, we would not administer anything at the time of change, that shall interfere with the spirit. If possible, let the material change be free; let the body be in a condition for the spirit to use, and use well, at the time of change. Then the spirit enters upon its new existence with much more light, and perceives the conditions that surround it much sooner and easier. There is any after it is free from the material body.

When the spirit becomes fully conscious of its conditions as a disembodied spirit, and it knows it has lost that body through which it spoke and exerted

all its power, there is generally no feeling of regret, but it comes from earth, because the spirit is for a time in close rapport with earth—sometimes in consequence of human sympathy, the mourning of friends it loved on earth. So the spirit often has an overwhelming feeling of sorrow and regret. So, dear earthly friends, see to it that when you stand around the bed of the dying one, you let your thoughts and desires ascend as the dying one ascends, and instead of blinding such to your sorrow, let them go free, and bid them God-speed on the wings of liberty and love, and they will thank you for it, for they will be enabled to take a high position in the world of spirits.

The field before us is mighty—so mighty that a day, or a week, or a thousand years could scarce cover it. Aug. 12.

Waterman Ellis.

I heard a good deal about this way of coming back before I died, and I thought to myself, if folks do come back after death, I shall try to. But, oh, I did not think of coming back so soon, in this way. I feel to bless God that I lived as long as I did on earth—that I lived in this glorious day when God has been pleased to reveal so many wonderful things of his kingdom to his children. Though I had not the blessed light that affords so many thousands so much peace of mind, and takes away the fear of death, yet it was enough for me to have lived in the same atmosphere, and I got my garments filled with it. I got some light without seeking for it. Though I did not desire it, I thank God for it.

I lived to be in my seventy-ninth year. I have got relatives scattered through Connecticut, and some in Massachusetts, Vermont, and all through New England, that I would be rejoiced to speak to, and I have heard that some of them believe in this new faith. Oh, I hope I may some day be so unspeakably blessed, as to talk with them, for I need all the light I can get. I grew up with Christianity so fastened upon me, that in the nature of things, I found it hard to get rid of erroneous ideas—hard to get out of the woods into an open field, as it were. But they tell me there is a day when we shall get all the light and wisdom we want.

I thought, when I heard of this thing, that I would come round as an experiment, merely. I am a stranger to you. I do not know the rules or laws that control these matters, but hope to the next time I come. I am a little child in the kingdom of God, but I had rather be that than be without this glorious light.

I wish it was in my power to assist my dear friends on earth materially and spiritually, but I do not know as it is. I have only been gone about seven weeks—that's all. I've hardly had time to look around and see where I am.

My body was called Waterman Ellis. I lived and died in the town of Sheffield, State of Connecticut. I get the privilege, I'll come here again; but, to tell the truth, I had rather meet some of my friends in private. Aug. 12.

Albert M. Smith.

Ho, this is a fast age you live in, ain't it? How do you do, sir?

I thought, a few minutes ago that I was well; but now somehow sort of strange feelings come over me that ain't quite so well. I've got into a body, and that ain't quite the thing for a fellow like me who don't know how to handle it. It ain't mine, but I saw I was the next comer, so I thought I'd try to use it a little while.

Well, I'm glad to be back here, but rather be at home. But I'll do what I can do here, and suppose this will help me home to my friends. I suppose you want to know the cause of my death, my name, age, place of residence, and so forth. Well, if you'll be kind enough to answer a few questions for me, I'll give you what you want to know. What month is this? Aug. 12, 1861, is it? Well, then, I don't know as I'm old enough to go alone, if that's the case. I've only been away from my own body since the twenty-second day of last June. I was a little clouded up here [brain]—could not exactly tell where I was before I left my body. I died out in Cuba—Havana. I belonged up here in Worcester.

Now if you can get me a pass to go home, I'll reckon you among my friends eternally. My name was Albert M. Smith. Age, twenty-two. I was in Havana on business. I thought the climate did not agree with me. I had a fever peculiar to the climate, and went out in a fast way, as they generally do.

I wish I was able to do better, but I'm a green hand at this business—just commenced to look at these things. Just say I'm in the market for a communication, and the first one that offers to talk with me will suit me the best, for I've got some things to tell of. I did not get a chance to before I left, because I was away from home. Folks don't like to say things to strangers they would to their own friends.

What shall I do for you?—how shall I fee you? Well, it's a great thing. You think I'd better go to a medium there, do you? Shall I ever get a pass to come here again? Well, I'll be under eternal obligations to you, then, till we square up. I was born in Worcester. I've been a little insensible to time, they tell me, on account of the peculiar sickness I died with. I was in the same situation a person would be in who, because he imagined he was bleeding to death, would as soon cut his throat as do anything else.

[A visitor interrogated the spirit concerning the character and habits of the spirit life. He replied:

I find the things most unreal on earth, are the only real things, after all. I cannot see but the spirit world has all the same conditions you have on earth—trees, animals, houses, and so forth. I suppose they are all the spirits of the material things. We eat, drink and sleep same as you do. As to eating, suppose you were fond of any particular kind of fruit. If I should set a plate of that particular fruit before you, before you partook of it, you would desire to taste it, would you not? Well, the desire is the food of the spirit. You say "that fruit is good," and you say, "guess I'll take some," and that "guess I'll take some" is equivalent to putting it down your throat. I have described it as near as I can, and if my illustration do not seem to make it clear to your mind, you'll see it's just as I have described it, when you get here. Aug. 12.

Elmer E. Ellsworth.

[Written:] My dear parents—It is my wish that you shake off all regrets in regard to my early departure from earth to the spirit-spheres. I am now quite happy in my new home, and shall soon be able to do far more for the glorious stars and stripes than ever before. God is just, and doeth all things well. More anon. From your loving son.

Aug. 12.

ELMER E. ELLSWORTH.

Invocation.

Infinite Jehovah, around whose being myriads of souls continually revolve, by whose strength the past, present and future has been, is, and ever will be sustained, we draw nigh unto thee in prayer at this hour. We ask that thou wilt aid us, and wilt fold us in the arms of thy love. We beseech of thee, our Father, that thou wilt send holy ones into our midst who shall water the flowers of affection that bloom in the hearts of each one before us, that they may go forth to more glorious achievements than those of the present hour. We cast ourselves on thee, believing, confiding, trusting, feeling that thou wilt care for and bless us. We pray, oh our Father, that we may more fully know thee as our Father and our Mother—and now, as through all coming ages, we will render endless praises unto thee. Aug. 15.

Retribution and Compensation.

If there are any here who have a subject to present, we will listen to it.

Some one proposed, "Retribution and Compensation."

The world, or degree of life to which we all are tending, is the world or sphere of compensation. Though one does not receive his reward or punish-

ment here, for his acts, he surely will in the future, or in that time which is the future to him. All sin, or that which men and women call sin, must be atoned for at some time, at some period of that individual's existence, for there is no forgiveness of sin, however small or large. All sin brings its own retributive justice. You may ask when and where? The very atmosphere you breathe is permeated with retributive justice. There is, in fact, nothing natural that is unjust, for a compensation follows a course upon the heels of that which seems to be devoid of justice, that you can scarce draw the dividing line. "How shall I be compensated for this or that deed?" "When and where shall I receive my reward?" are questions continually rising up, and the human mind is ever active with such questions. We answer, at such a time as you shall be fitted to receive your reward—when Nature shall have made you fit to receive the compensation for deeds done. That alone is justice, as all who believe in spirit manifestation will allow.

God is infinite in justice, wisdom, and mercy, all will admit who believe in the Holy One. And yet those who would fain believe in God, have oftentimes so little of faith in his promises, that they continually ask, "When shall I receive my reward?" When will the evil deed receive justice at the hands of the Almighty? That same Almighty Intelligence answers in the great voice of Nature: "All time is mine; the souls of men are mine; each and every element of mankind is mine, and all that seems to be evil in the material atmosphere, surrounded as it is by moral and spiritual darkness, shall receive a new light. Truth shall spring from what seems to be evil, and it will put on new garments. Justice shall be given all, and their home is with the Almighty."

The old idea of a judgment day, or a future period of time when all souls shall be gathered together, and judged according to the deeds done in a material body, is fast dying away, and being lost before the more glorious light of the present. The present day has given birth to a more glorious religion, and all lesser lights must fade away before it. Men and women have been too prone to dwell upon the hope of the future—too prone to put off the blessings of to-day. They say, I hope to be found with the chosen of the Father—but who can say they are sure of it? Not one. Who can give any definite time as to the future day? Not one. The wisest fail, because they stand up before an unnatural God—because their religion is not the religion of the soul.

None need fear they will not be compensated for every act. The imperfect here will be gloriously perfect in the future; for nature continually grows and unfolds through individual life. You ask when and where, oh man, you shall receive your reward; but you are continually receiving your reward for each and every act—constantly being fully compensated. Look within the most holy temple of your soul, and you will find our words are true. Is it not enough to know or to feel assured in your own soul that you are rewarded for every good act? Is not that far better than the jewels of earth? Though you may not clearly understand it in the present, the future will unfold it in glory. The things that seem so real to-day, when the spirit casts off its material garments, shall fade away, as do before the morning sun, and give place to the real things of the spirit. Then man will know God has dwelt with him always, and never left him.

As one hour passes by in the flight of time, loaded with the commission of any certain act, so the next hour comes laden with retribution or compensation. So it is in every department of nature. The commission of an act is speedily followed by the act of retribution. All the lower order of nature is ruled by this same law, yet intellectual and spiritual man has failed to see the workings of the law, because the veil of the temple has not yet been rent—because he sees through a glass darkly. But in the future we shall see these things as they are—see them face to face. Who is this God that bestows upon his children the glorious gifts of retribution and compensation? We behold him as our Father and our Mother, throughout the past, the present and the future of man—as a being who never has been nor never can be separated from us. The world and Christianity around you have worshiped for your God, and forgotten your Creator. But man can no more ignore his God than he can forget his own existence as an individual, even though he misunderstands him, and misinterprets his teachings in the great law of Nature.

If man would but study himself, and all the glorious conditions that surround him in the world spiritual, he would see the angel of compensation at his right hand continually, and the angel of retribution at his left, and one is as necessary to his cultivation and expansion as the other. Oh that man could feel this truth while he wanders in this vale of sorrow! How much of strength would be given to the wings on which he soars toward immortality, could man but feel that the laws of retribution and compensation are awaiting all deeds done in the past, the present, or in the eternal future. Aug. 15.

James Powers.

According to my idea of things, there's a God of the outside world and a God of the inside world, and the two do not seem to agree very well together. They tell us the God in the Good Book says, "Vengeance is mine—I will repay—I'll take care of all the sinners." Yes, they say God in the Good Book says this; but then everywhere man comes up and takes the business out of God's own hands, and says he'll repay. It always is so. You pretend you've got rid of that part of your code which belonged to the old Levitic law, but you demand an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and blood for blood, just the same now as ages ago. I know it to be so. It seems to me, as far as this world is concerned, that men, since they do God's business for him, have mighty little confidence in the Almighty. Look at your Chief Justices. Most of them belong to some church. They recognize and obey all the creeds—yes, live fully up to it. They've got a shield around them, they suppose, that will take them through into the other world. But they'll be mistaken. Now they tell us vengeance belongs to God, and then sit down in the name of Justice to pronounce sentence upon their fellow beings. Where's the consistency here, I want to know? In one breath they tell us God has got all the power, and will take care of all the sinners, and will damn them all in his own time and way, and then must take things into their own hands, and plunge the criminals out of this world where they belong, into the spirit world among folks who don't want them there. Because of this thing, thousands get sent on to the other side before they ought to go there. What's the consequence? I'll tell you. There was much they ought to have had before they left the earth, that they didn't get, and as soon as they get power they turn back on those who sentenced them, and say they'll be revenged on those who took their bodies away from them. They feel the pangs sharply on the other side, and they will come back and use them for revenge. That is a kind of retributive justice. If you kept them on your side you might in time work some of the hell out of them; but you send them into the spirit world so that they will return and get revenge, if they follow you forever. They'll never be satisfied till they have it. Oh, poor mortals! They can't see beyond the present. They can't see these spirits coming back to fulfill the same law that was used to send them on the other side with.

There is an individual living on earth who pronounced sentence of death upon me. Yes, me. "You are condemned to die—to be hung by the neck till you are dead—dead—dead. And may God have mercy on your soul!" Oh, my God, what blasphemy! He might have said, "A poor mortal am going to take the life of another poor mortal—going to take the business of punishment out of God's hands, and I'm going to ask him to have mercy upon his soul at the same time!" I suffered by the law till my body was torn from my spirit, and now it is no more than natural I should come back here to demand revenge.

No matter what he thought, when he sentenced me—he did it. They don't want me here. I've no

home—no spiritual garments ready for me here. Here I am, sent here by the law, and bound to use all my strength to get revenge on those who sent me here.

A little while ago I tried to give a communication to the person I've tried to come back to now, but I failed. But there is no such thing as a body's always falling in trying to accomplish some object. Now that man's got to die an unnatural death, and sure as the gods, he is got to be killed by the same law that killed me. That's retributive justice, and it hangs, shoots and cuts off the heads of all who get in the way of it. And when he gets where I am, he'll see he's made a great mistake—made a mistake of a life-time, and he'll find out how his religion, based upon the Bible and its God, is a great blunder. Why, he do not know any more about the real God than I do about the coming of the New Jerusalem.

Now if he should chance to get his eyes open before he gets where I am, it'll do him some good; and bad as I have been, and much as I hate him, I would not do a thing to keep his eyes covered against the truth. But I say he's got to die an unnatural death, and he's got to die by the same law he killed me with. I don't want to come back to taunt him of this, and I don't think I shall. But I want him to know there is as much power in the invisible world as in the visible, and more power in thought than gold, much as he loves it. Since I've been dead, I've heard him say he'd resign his position if it wasn't for his salary. Thinks I, old fellow, you resemble Judas. He sold one man for money, and you've sold hundreds.

My name was James Powers. Yes, call me a murderer—that's all right. But it's one thing to kill a person by temper, and another when you do it deliberately, and according to law. If you do not believe it, wait till you get on this side. I lived out in Pennsylvania. I was hung nearly two years ago. There is no need of giving the Judge's name—everybody knows it.

I wonder if it is as easy going out this way as it was the old way? Yes, that was pretty easy. 'Twas n't so hard dying, after all. The hardest comes when you got on the other side and find you've got no garments to use—got no home in heaven, earth nor hell. I was twenty-one years old. This is Massachusetts, I believe? I claim this as my native State. I was born out here a little ways in the town of Plaistow. I think it's in Middlesex County. The Judge has got enough military in him to cut his throat. If he goes out where the sun shines, he mustn't complain if it shines on him. He's his own tormentor—not me. He and I are tied together. He's at one end of the rope, and I'm at the other. Every unclashed soul he has been instrumental in sending here, sticks to him till he comes here. The law that he has obeyed so well, and carried out so fully, will keep him in good company when he gets here.

You've got no right to take what you can't give. Shut your murderers up. If you are God, hang 'em; if not, let 'em alone. Treat the rebels so? Yes. You are rebels, every one of you. You rebel against what I believe is true, and I do against you. We're square, then. I suppose if it was right I should have been hanged. God would have had a place ready for me; but I have to trot around and pick up what I should have got here. I had a pretty healthy body and could have used it pretty long. Yes, I wish I was in it now. I've been no more in hell than I was when on earth. Unhappiness is hell, and I'm in hell, now. I am unhappy, because I did not do as well as I could have done. I committed murder because I was mad. The man I murdered and I are good friends, now. He's about the same as I. There's no such thing as being reconciled, if the spirit ain't satisfied with its surroundings. I'm living where I don't want to live, and can't be reconciled to it.

Well, I'll go on my side. I suppose it's time. Aug. 15.

Eunice Jarvis.

I've got a husband and three children out in Missouri. I want to send a letter there. I've only been dead since last April. I can't tell what was the matter with me. I died very suddenly—not sick at all. I left the children in a bad state, and I've tried to get back to them. I know I could. There are plenty to tell you you can get back, but it's hard to find any one to help you back. I've been told, since I came here, that I died in a fit. I did not know what it was. I never knew I was sick at all, or that anything ailed me, till I found myself away from my body.

I've got some relatives here in Massachusetts. I used to live here. I've got some, too, in Michigan. I'd give most anything to talk to my own folks, but I can't come to them in this way. I want to talk to my husband. His name is Timothy Jarvis. I want to tell him about the children, and about his mother. She lived with us, and I want to tell him a good many things I don't care to here. I don't like the way things have been going on since I left. I don't like the person who is taking care of their home and the children. She thinks nobody sees her, and so she don't do right. I want her to go away. Some of the neighbors believe in folks coming back, and I want them to let me come to them and give a message, and I want to get a medium to go home to my own house. That's what I come here for.

I was forty-two years old. My father's name was Perkins. He's been dead a good while, but I have not seen him yet. I suppose he's a long way from me. I want to go, if you'll show me how. Aug. 15.

Philip Haggerty.

I want one favor of ye, and that is a chance to speak with me wife. I got knowledge enough about these things to know myself as I like to. It's a bad thing to be knocked out of yourself before you get a chance to think much about you're going. I was bad enough, I know, and the likes of me do not want to bother decent folks, but for all that, I like to come, so I'll get a chance to talk to me wife. And now, before I talk much, you see, Mister, I got into a muss, and I got the worst of it. It's just been only about ten days since I come here at all. I live in New York City. I've been married, in all, just about eight months. I was a little badly off when I got into the fuss, and I got killed. I was knocked in the head, and I don't know how I stood after that—how long I lived I can't tell. I think I's taken off pretty quick. I found myself dead pretty quick. God knows I suffered enough for it, for I left my wife without anything at all, and now all I ask is to speak a few words to her. I want to tell her where to find me brother, and she'll write, and he'll take care of her, as long as she lives.

Ye see, me wife's an American. I take her from one of the low places in New York, but for all that she's very good. Anyway, I'd like to hear the one who says anything against her—I'd fight him. In fact, it's on account of me wife I lost me life—but I don't want her to know it. I went down there, and something was said, and I's a little the wiser for liquor, and I got the worst of it. It's not me fault, for I did not kill the man who said it, but I got killed myself.

All I want is for me brother to take care of her. He's got money, and will do it. I's not one of your low Irish. I live by me wits, and take care of me self and me wife very well that way. But, faith, I'm where wits do not serve a fellow very well, now.

Me wife's name before I took her was Kitty Markman. I suppose it's me name you want, too? It's Philip Haggerty. Me brother's name is James Haggerty, and he belongs to the order of Jesuits. He lives in New York City. He knows what sort of a man I am, but he'll overlook all that, and take care of me wife. If I could say ten words to him, that would be enough to make me brother all right.

Me brother believes in spirits come back, but do not believe in their miscellaneous coming. Faith, I don't care to make him believe in this coming back at all. What I'll say to me wife will make him respect me requests, if she'll let me speak to her. Kitty knows something about this coming back, and she'll get what I say, bad as it is. Faith, I'm ashamed of it. I ain't got much experience of these things yet. All I care to say to the one who took away me life, is, may he never be any worse than my wife is,

and when he gets here, may he go to as good a place as I am in. I do not know as he deserves any better wish. Faith, he's sick in New York, from the thrashing I gave him. He knocked me on the head, and then stabbed me. I was drunk, or I should n't have noticed him. He was speaking of me woman, and some others of the class she belonged to before I took her, and some things he knew too much about. He'd better trim himself a little closer, in the future, and be more careful about what he knows, for he may not get off so safe next time.

I do not care to tell you where me brother lives. He do not believe in this thing, and I would n't want him bothered by folks of his own kind coming to him about it. I lived myself in Perry court—very near the Bowery. It's not the aristocratic part by any means—not Fifth Avenue, nor Madison Square at all. No matter for that, though, I suppose. Fair day to you.

Before I go, have I given what I want, so my wife will understand that she'll go to some place so I can speak? Aug. 15.

"SPIRIT WHISPER."

GIVEN THROUGH MINNIE L. C., TO MRS. J. D. S., OF MANCHESTER, N. H.

The dew that wakes the laughing morn,
Hath e'er a gem for thee—
The rose that scents the evening calm,
No less a bud for thee—
Divinest love of high-life born
To set thy spirit free!
The bird that wakes the first grey dawn
Of summer hope for thee,
In autumn time withholds no tone
Of sweetness long for thee;
The wounded wing may droop forlorn,
But Spring will smile for thee!

Ah! May of years! the May of smiles
All blithesome, sings of thee!
As brooklets laugh and dance the while
To charm the soft winds free,
Till nature proud, and greenwoods wild
Awake no more to weep!
The bow that spans the bright blue sky,
When past the storm and sleet,
Speaks soft to thee—"Thou shalt not die!"
Though crushed like flowers sleek and rose,
Shall 'scape the blast and proudly rise,
New life and light to greet!

Look up! the heavens are broad and blue,
With azure calm for thee;
And spirit life and hope is true
As deathless voices free!

To touch the "golden harp" anew
With trembling note for thee!
Oh, listen, child! there's music sweet
Like fragrance flung on air—
Ah! tears, and smiles, and prayer,
In angel ones—like sorrow meek
No mystery, however deep,
But what God's hand is there!

Each cloud a silver lining hath,
To shroud thy spirit from grief,
And beautify thy life on earth
When o'er the passing storm!
Then smile submission through all grief,
And wait the morning calm,
That e'er succeeds the darkest night
Though tempest tossed, with grief.
Oh! listen, then! the murmur sweet,
From "home, sweet home," for thee!
"God shield my little sunbeam" light
Wherever she may be!
Plymouth, N. H., Aug. 31, 1861.

"Do Spirits Communicate?"

I have often been pained by reading what I have seen published in the BANNER, as well as other Spiritual papers, coming from professed Spiritualists, especially from the discussions at your Conferences, upon one question which has been for years brought forward in different forms for discussion, to wit: "What evidence is there that spirits out of the form communicate with man in the form?" being at different times differently worded, and published in the BANNER in the following form: "When we are called on to state what are the evidences on which we rely as proofs that spirits communicate, what shall be our answer?"

Now among all the discussions on this question, I have never read any until in two recent numbers of the BANNER, but what I believe has been productive of more hurt than good. It has put into the hands of our opposers a club to hold over our heads, who say to us, "Where is your boasted evidence of immortality, when your great advocates are, by their discussions, yet so doubtful of any tangible evidences of spirit-intercourse? For your most prominent leaders are at a loss for evidences, how much are you in advance of the Orthodox church?"

And, again, often do I see in print, from the mouth or pen of professed Spiritualists, sweeping statements in regard to physical manifestations, stating that three-fourths or nine-tenths of them are spurious—thus virtually accusing all mediums for this class of demonstrations as dishonest and impostors. This, coming from Spiritualists, and many of them lecturers in the field, has been the means, to my certain knowledge, of causing many to stop taking the BANNER, and other spiritual papers. This, no doubt, is one cause of those papers not being better sustained.

I speak not thus because I am a medium for physical demonstrations, as well as writing, personating, seeing and healing; but there are many physical mediums who, rather than be thus censured, resist the influence and lose their mediumship.

Then, again, I often hear speaking mediums speak in derogatory terms of the rappings and tappings, and say they are too low for their attention, and they look upon them with disgust. They claim to be far above them. Still they say the rappings and tappings are the A B C of the spiritual theory. It seems to me that after a man had learned his letters and advanced into philosophy and science, he could as wisely say to the rising generation, you have no need of the alphabet; the A B Cs are worthless; you should look above them; they are low and insignificant. This would be poor logic, in my opinion.

I look upon the so-called insignificant raps, accompanied by intelligent responses, as bringing more of the true element of God's love and a living and ever present inspiration, than all the theories that have ever been taught since man was first created, and is far higher than all the creed-bound organizations that

Pearls.

"The angels
And quoted odes, and wrote five words long,
That on the stretched fore-finger of all time
Sparkle forever."

AN EVENING LANDSCAPE.

Bright the wood,
In golden flood;
Falls a soft and magic glory
On the Waldburg ruins hoary.

Homeward float,
Still remote,
Fishing craft, with swan-like motion,
O'er the grand, smooth gleaming ocean.

Silver sand
All the strand;
And the main drinks every color
From the clouds, here bright, there duller.

Rushes glance,
In fluttering dance,
On the lowlands quivering, gleaming,
Where the sea-birds gather screaming.

Embowered there—
Picture fair—
With its garden-plat, and welling
Fount, the mossy hermit-dwelling.

Like a dome
O'er the foam,
Garbled oaks blind the mountain river;
On the hill-side poplars quiver.

Round the lone
Druid stone,
In the whispering elm-grove, wannish
Elfin wonders come and vanish.

On the main
Doth sunlight wane;
Dies away the magic glory
From the Waldburg ruins hoary.

Moonlight floods
The waving woods—
Hush!—dim spirits' sightings, ruing
Olden knight-hood's long undoing.

[From the German of Friedrich Mathissen.]

It is a great point, and requires quite as much effort,
to hide ignorance as to display knowledge.

HOME IS WHERE THERE'S ONE TO LOVE US.

Home's not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded;
Home is where affection calls—
Filled with shrines the heart hath builded!
Home! I go watch the faithful dove,
Sailing "neath the heaven above us;"
Home is where there's one to love—
Home is where there's one to love us.

Home's not merely roof and room;
Home needs something to endear it,
Home is where the heart can bloom,
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it!
What is home with none to meet?
None to welcome, none to greet us?
Home is sweet—and only sweet—
Where there's one we love to greet us!

Those who dare at first to think for themselves, will
in the end make others think with them.

OLD SONGS.

They lie upon my pathway bleak,
Those flowers that once ran wild,
As on father's care-worn cheek
The ringlets of his child:
The golden mingling with the grey,
And stealing half its snows away.

[O. W. Holmes.]

Lovers exist in each other. Thus true lovers are never
parted.

NATIONAL CONVENTION OF SPIRITUALISTS, AT OSWEGO, N. Y.,
Aug. 13 to 19, 1861.

(Report of the Senior Secretary, concluded.)

SUNDAY, LAST DAY'S SESSION.—MORNING.

The Sunday morning attendance was not large at an early hour, owing to the effects of the excursion, but the hall was quite well filled before noon.

Mr. Tooley opened with a few salutatory remarks, and then introduced Mrs. Cora A. Syme, of New York. She said reformers hardly know what they were working for in this great age of upheavings; so many objects of interest were before us, and so many mighty inspirations were impelling us onward in the path of progress, sometimes we grew confused and almost wild with enthusiasm. Our first work should be individual reformation, and the seeking of right conditions and relations. But the condition of society is now such, it becomes almost impossible for individuals to act. She contended that we needed a reconstruction in every department of life, especially in the social. Nothing important or permanent could be accomplished without order, association, organization, combination, recognizing, and based on certain principles of reform. Our fragmentary efforts would prove measurably fruitless; concentration and union were needed. She maintained that what a few individuals could do when united was an illustration of what large societies might accomplish in working as one. The humblest log cabin was prophetic of the order and union of the world. Whole communities might become united in building large homes, with all the comforts and luxuries of small homes, and without one-half the expenditure of time, labor and money. She took social ground in protesting against the selfish, isolated household. The laws, customs and conditions of society were such, but very little play was given to the divinest social and affectional emotions. Marriage was transformed into a trade, a servitude, a matter of convenience and necessity; thousands of the purest, truest young women were forced into marriage by friends, on the conditions, customs and scandals of society, and with crushed hearts, sold to an appalling, legal prostitution. The present marriage laws and customs, and the conditions of the isolated household, rendered the freedom of the affections almost impossible, and the continued love of the married pair was seldom known. These facts were becoming more and more palpable, as well as appalling, and alienations, disruptions among the married, coldness, elopements and startling changes and separations are so numerous in these times that marriages are rapidly decreasing; the unmarried are fearful of running the risks involved, and all were warned to stand on their guard. Our only safety and happiness were to be found in looking for a new order of things on earth, a social order and an unfolding of individual affections in harmony with the laws of heaven. We are now going through the disciplinary stages necessary to inaugurate the kingdom of heaven in our souls; many are passing through fearful and unwanted experiences in social life; many seem utterly lost and wrecked as to all hopes based on the old order of things; but these trials are only developing purer, truer, and freer loves.

G. M. Jackson opened a brief address with a fine and well read poetic quotation on the worship of God in Nature. He alluded to the many pioneers now going forth to proclaim the Gospel of a free worship, whose temple was high as heaven, and whose foundation as broad as humanity. They

went forth like warriors in the great battle of our age; their BANNER OF LIGHT was unfurled with the Stars and Stripes, gladdening thousands on the road of progress, and though their SPIRITUAL CLAMOR was silenced for a time amid the din of battle, its echoes were still heard, and its editor still in the field.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON SESSION.

The opening address was given by U. Clark. The mightiest forces in the natural world are invisible! It is thus in the civil, moral, religious and social world. There are unseen spiritual agencies at work in all the revolutions of to-day. The elements are thrown into commotion in preparation for momentous changes, inaugurating a new earth and a new heaven. Similar signs have heralded every great change in the past. There is no cause for alarm; nothing shall pass away or perish except the transient and perishable; the good and true are eternal. Whatever government, church, or state of society, law or custom, can be shaken, ought to be shaken, tested, and if unable to stand, let it fall, and over its ruins will rise that which is enduring. Let parties dissolve, religions disrupt and false relations be sundered, yet eternal principles will remain, and on these we shall learn to lean, instead of leaning on things external. Just so long as we depend on any false external institutions or opinions, our own individuality is weakened and compromised. We have boasted of our free government, but where have we found free men and free women? We have boasted of our religious institutions, but where are our religious men and women? We have boasted of our social laws and customs, but where are the men and women who are true to their social or affectional natures? We have been leaning so much on externals, we are now alarmed amid the revolutions upheaving all things external around us. The result will be, we shall be thrown back on our own individuality, and learn to stand up in the divinity of our nature, relying on ourselves and on Heaven alone. Many are being scattered, lost, wrecked, and filled with consternation and gloom, because they have no cultured character, no unfolded individuality, and no communion with the eternal world to afford the strength and inspiration they need. Why are so many of our believers, our lecturers and mediums left to-day, stripped of all external relations and dependencies, and thrown out into the great world amid all these belligerent elements? Because this discipline is essential to prepare them for their work, and for a higher, truer life. This terrible discipline is essential to all, and we are all to pass through it; there is no escape. Our national calamity is ominous of the fearful ordeal by which every man and woman in this generation must be tried. We may mock at the calamity of others, or pity or condemn them for things which seem evil, or we may shrink certain responsibilities, and seek to hide ourselves beneath compromises, in order that we may avert the storm; but the storm will come, and the flood and the fire, and we must all be tried. We may fancy ourselves secure and safe from the impending crisis, but the crisis will surely come, and the sooner we are prepared for it the better. These confessions, we have heard during this Convention, are prophetic of more startling revelations soon to be made. The hitherto hidden things of darkness are coming to light beneath the opened heavens; we must all stand up and open our souls, and the past and present of our lives must be seen and known; compromises and efforts at concealment will avail nothing; the veil must be stripped from us, and all shams, lies and hypocrisies be dispelled. We are in a national crisis now, testing all traitors and calling out all true loyalists; this is typical of the moral, religious and social crisis now coming. Conservative communities and thousands of sensitive Spiritualists have already been shocked and alarmed at social disruptions and revelations; but these past revelations are nothing, compared with what shall yet come; we are over a volcano whose fires will soon break forth with lurid hues; we shall be astounded at the revelations of the past and present lives of thousands, whom we scarcely suspected, and thousands once exceedingly sensitive as to their reputations and the opinions of their friends and the world. It is the great day of tribulation, of judgment, the Christ advent of the nineteenth century; the heavens are opened and the angel armies are descending. Thrown back on ourselves, we must learn to stand alone, and then we are enabled to call into activity every power of our being. At times we need to stand out alone away even from the influence, the sympathies of nearest and dearest friends. It was thus the Man of Sorrows stood; at one time, forty days in the wilderness, and there buffetings alone, he triumphed, and then angels came and ministered to him. It is not until we have learned to stand alone, and have fought the battles of our own souls, that we are entitled to enjoy peace and the communion of ministering angels.

Miss Laura De Force followed. New demands are made on spiritual lecturers; we want a practical religion, coming down to the humblest—not a religion of mysticism, superstition, or priestly authority. The majority of the people care but little for the theology of the churches; they need something more rational, something adapted to the natural plane of life, and in harmony with everyday experiences and duties. Spiritualism has been condemned for its humility; but what is so appropriate in reaching the humble masses who need the first hopes and evidences of immortality? The fashionable religion of the churches, with its jewels and diamonds, its high salaried ministers and costly temples, is too expensive for people in ordinary circumstances. Too many wear the garb of religion for the basest purpose. We warn the world to beware of fashionable hypocrites, and we warn them to beware; their motives are seen; they are read and understood; spiritual eyes are being opened to read us all, through and through, and no falsities can evade detection. We are called on to be true, true to ourselves, true to our convictions, come what will from friends or foes. We stand in Heaven's sight, and can practice no deceptions before God and angels. No false professions can pass in the sight of the All-Seeing or our own souls. All false religions must fail; you cannot smuggle damaged goods into heaven. A religion is needed to exalt humanity, not degrade and denounce. Treat men and women as though they were totally depraved, and what can you expect? Teach them we are all brothers and sisters, with one loving God over all, and you are able to reach them and get hold of their better natures. Man is divine and eternal; it is a glorious thing to live, and especially to live in the nineteenth century. A great field is opened before us, and we must go out laboring in sympathy, as Jesus labored. We may be called infidels, and be accused of blasphemy, because we claim analogies between primitive Christianity

and Spiritualism; but let our faith be tested; we believe not only in all the genuineness of Christianity, but we add the evidences of to-day. We do not worship the name of Christ, or set him up as a useless idol, but we reverence his teachings and examples, and would seek to reduce them to practice. Jesus would pass but poorly received among many who take his name, were he now to return as he came eighteen hundred years ago. He was denounced as a heretic, an infidel, an outlaw; he went humbly about, and wore a long beard, like some of the modern mad-cap mediums and Spiritualists. As Spiritualists, we are seeking for the good and true of all time, and we are called to apply ourselves to the great reforms needed in every department of life. We must commence with ourselves; mark out our own course, and be true, regardless of all the Mrs. Grundys on our track. Our work is to save, not condemn, nor destroy; we can deal in no unqualified condemnation against any; we should judge from no standard set up by the church or by society. Being pure and true, we shall fear no contamination by coming in contact with those who are denounced as evil. We may be sure that those who have fears of losing their reputation have not done their duty; true men and women will not according to their own better convictions, though called to sacrifice reputation and everything else standing in the way. Those who are too anxious about reputation, are most likely to become mortified and punished. Some Spiritualists are exceedingly anxious to make Spiritualism popular, fashionable, and respectable. We must abandon all such ambition, and be governed by principle alone.

At the close of Miss De Force's address, letters were read from A. E. Newton, L. K. Conoley, Mrs. H. F. M. Brown and Mrs. C. M. Stowe, followed by remarks from Mrs. Spence, J. H. Randall, P. L. Wadsworth, G. M. Jackson, and J. H. W. Tooley.

CLOSING SESSION.—SUNDAY EVENING.

The hall was well filled, the audience larger than at any other session, notwithstanding a small door fee to meet expenses. A letter was read from Miss A. W. Sprague, whose sickness had prevented her from attending the Convention. The following letter of greeting was adopted for publication:

The National Conference of Spiritual Laborers, assembled in Oswego, N. Y., send greetings to their brothers and sisters abroad. Regretting that the conditions of our country have prevented the attendance of many of your presence we had joyfully anticipated, it is nevertheless our pleasure to report a spirit of general harmony pervading our numerous sessions during this Convention, and as the result of our deliberations and interchanges while thus convened, we are happy, as far as we have learned, to report the prospects in the great field of progress, as far more encouraging than would have been expected, and calling for renewed devotion on the part of all true and heroic workers for liberty and humanity.

In addition to the Eastern Committee representing this National Convention, as appointed at the Quincy meeting, and the Western Committee appointed at Sturgis, it was voted to appoint a Central Committee, representing New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, and the following names were reported and accepted: J. V. Mapes, Webb's Mills, N. Y.; U. Clark, Auburn, N. Y.; Mrs. Libbie Lowe, Leon, N. Y.; J. H. Tooley, Penn Yan, N. Y.; G. M. Jackson, Prattsburg, N. Y.; Mrs. E. C. Kingsbury, Philadelphia, Pa., and G. C. Stewart, Newark, N. J.

Resolved, That the visitors at this Convention render unfeigned thanks for the genial and hospitable manner in which we have been entertained by the friends of Oswego, while, in recompense for the encouragement and satisfaction we have received, we hope the richest blessings may remain with them and attend all their noble labors and sacrifices in behalf of the cause of spiritual progress in this city; and

Resolved, That a similar acknowledgment is due the choir for volunteering their beautiful and appropriate harmony.

Thanks were voted the officers of the Convention, and a vote passed requesting Mr. Tooley to publish his address in the spiritual papers.

Mrs. A. M. Spence opened with the regular discourse of the evening. She spoke of the uses of Spiritualism. There were so many ideas thrown out, so many startling thoughts and so many representations, some people become perplexed to know what Spiritualism is and what it proposes to do. It is necessary that we should have some trouble and labor in finding out what to believe; these seemingly conflicting ideas are useful to test us and to call into activity our judgment; we want to learn on nothing as absolute authority. But after all, there is more unity among Spiritualists than among sectarians; we all centre around certain grand principles. Just now we are in a transition state; many hardly know where they are. We are in the midst of upheaving revolutions, which indicate the travails of new birth. We needed regeneration as a nation and as individuals. The work has begun, and we need not be alarmed at all the terrible signs of the times. We needed to be startled, shocked, shaken and passed through the fires of purification. Too much corruption has pervaded in every department of government, religion and society. We have professed to be a Christian people and government, advocating the principles of peace and fraternity, but the whole country is now involved in an appalling war. She did not propose to discuss the questions at issue; she spoke only in protest against the hypocrisy of professing principles of peace and at the same time practicing war. Her sympathies were for liberty and humanity. It was inconsistent for those who believed that all who died unconverted would go to hell, at the same time to urge unconverted men to go into battle, endanger their lives, and risk being hurled, unprepared, into eternity. All these experiences through which we are passing as a nation and as individuals, are essential to arrest us in our pride and madness, and subdue us into a state of humility. Sorrow and suffering only can make us negative; we need to be ruined in order that we may be saved; we need to be crucified in order that we may be glorified; we need to die in order that we may live. We must go through something like what Jesus went through before we can become perfected in the good and true. Fortunate for us if we do not go down before the sometimes almost overwhelming influences of the outer world. It is necessary that we should be robbed of all false hopes and dependencies, that we may learn to rely on ourselves and on those celestial aids which are enduring and divine. What are good names and reputations? They are nothing compared with eternal principles. Just so sure as we depend on the opinions, the false feelings, and prejudices of others, we are robbed of our strength, and left alone in the time of trial. Those who find the most fault with us and feel most sensitive about our taking the course they direct—what care they for us in the

hour of greatest need? Many left alone in trial, in agony of soul, call on spirits, but none seem to come, save those which overwhelm them in deeper agony; their highest guardian spirits leave them to these buffetings in order that they may be the most thoroughly tested and purified; some may sink beneath the terrible ordeal, become lost for a time, and go back to the material world, but more terrible trials await them in the end. What we call evil spirits have a mission to perform with us, like the mission of enemies who are still in the form. Our worst enemies, after all, may serve a good purpose; our only danger is in giving up to the bad influences they would throw around us.

The speaker rejoiced that Spiritualism had called out woman; it found her cast down by duties and trials in which none but angels could sympathize; the spirits have reached the inmost sanctuary of her being. But she has been called forth to new trials and positions, from which, at first, she shrinks worse than she shrank before, and often compelled to cry out, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not my will, but thine, O God, be done!" There is no power to resist the overwhelming influences of the spirit world when once they have succeeded in getting hold of individuals. They may attempt to shirk the responsibility, but it is morally impossible; they may fall back for a time, and seek the path of ease and to escape the trials, the slanders and persecutions attendant on the spiritual life, but the day of reckoning will come. The same ordeals which attended the early Christians now attend Spiritualists; the calamities awaiting that generation now await this. Those who come out at the call of the spirit world, and hold faithful to the end, will be saved. Those who fall back and seek to shield themselves beneath old forms, laws, customs and prejudices, will suffer the most, and like those of old, will fall on the rocks and mountains to fall on them and hide them from impending doom. The crisis is fast coming; the worst has not yet come; darker gloom shall yet gather over the generation. Greater terrors are hastening, and utter despair shall seize many hearts. Experiences shall be revealed which will startle the world and threaten the ruin of thousands who had supposed themselves safe. Those who have been found faithful, true and unchangeable through all trial, will abide the conflict. Mrs. Spence closed with an eloquent appeal to all true, loyal souls, to patriots, reformers and Spiritualists.

Mr. Tooley, the President, offered some valedictory remarks of a moving character, appealing to all believers and public laborers. He summed up the result of the Convention, and pictured the broad battlefield into which reformers were called to go clad with armor for the great conflict.

The Convention adjourned to meet again at the call of the Committees. Thus closed the longest Spiritual Convention ever assembled. The sessions were all quite harmonious, the interest deep and solemn, while free from all superficial enthusiasm. No specific plan of operations was presented, and none anticipated. Spiritualists need fear no tendency to sectarian or partisan organizations. These Conventions will continue. It was recommended that the Committee call local Conferences during the year, in the Eastern, Middle and Western States. The attendance at Oswego was as large as could be expected. Several States, and more than a hundred different towns and cities were represented.

Preparing our report in the midst of ordeals which may never be told, it is less complete than we might desire, but is designed to present the substance of the proceedings. We are deeply indebted to the Oswego Committee, the executive Committee of the Convention, to our sister associate secretary, Miss Lita H. Barney, to our genial host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Miller, and the many large-souled friends and co-laborers whose parting hands were clasped with moistened eyes. May angels' wings, hovering over the pioneers' pathway, dispel the gloom of this crisis hour, and the celestial BANNER be borne on in triumph.

U. CLARK, Senior Secretary.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE AT CLINTON HALL, NEW YORK.

Tuesday Evening, September 10, 1861.

QUESTION.—Can spirits foretell events?

Dr. Bliss affirmed his belief in the Scripture records, when rationally interpreted; in the moral responsibility of man, and in a Divine Providence. He was opposed to the bigotry of infidels, as well as to that of orthodox religionists.

Mr. Fiskington.—Very erroneous ideas are prevalent concerning the nature of disembodied spirits and their relations with our earthly spheres. People wonder that spirits do not display universal knowledge; whereas, in their normal state the inhabitants of the other world are really just as ignorant of what is going on here, as we are of their transactions. May I venture to say, that there are mortals who could give some spirits as much information about the spirit-world, as the latter could give us—and perhaps more. When we get a message, by rapping or tipping, it by no means necessarily follows that it comes from the spirit-world, seeing that the invisible intelligence concerned may at the time be far more in the state of a fleshly mortal, than of a spirit—may be in a state in which it has utterly forgotten even most of what it knew when at home on earth; just as a clairvoyant subject exercises a very different class of faculties from those appertaining to his normal condition, in which, consequently, he remembers nothing of his sensations when entranced. But, in the case of a spirit, the two states—the spiritual and the natural—may, sometimes, so far merge into each other as to enable it to foreshadow events; but could we succeed in lifting our own minds to the same plane we mortals could perceive those things as well, or even better. This faculty may be immensely improved by general influx from the spiritual spheres, and this is the only way in which we can get truly spiritual communications.

Dr. HALLOCK.—On grounds already stated, my research into prophecy must be bounded by the area of natural law. As I before said, all phenomenalism has its source in spirituality; but it is difficult for us to get into a rational appreciation of this correlative truth, that there is that, of us and in us, of which time and space are not predicable at all, and which has no relation to past or future. In our innermost beings we live in an eternal Now; and, let the consciousness of an individual be lifted so as to admit but a single ray of illumination from this source, he will be able to speak of what to the natural man is in the future. Or, as a spirit once tersely expressed it, the difference between man in this world and man in the next is, that, while here, he is perpetually concerned with the verb "to be," but there he tries to conjugate the verb "to have"—a verb which, on reflection, is seen to comprehend all the moods and tenses of existence. Does not the fact I have heretofore mentioned, that all the grand, broad utterances of prophecy—those which have overleaped the gulf of ages and transcended the bounds of creeds and races, viewing mankind as the children of one common Father—have proceeded from the lips of men and not of women—does not this fact, taken

in connection with the distinctions, as to scope and modes of working, between the masculine and feminine minds, point us to the great law at the bottom of the faculty in question, and show it to be only the manifestation, in their most exalted and unclouded sphere, of the inherent generalizing and comprehending powers of the human intellect?

Dr. Young.—Prophecy springs from a calculation of the mind; and the seer foretells the future by an intellectual process analogous to that of the philosopher who announces the existence of a yet undiscovered planet, as necessary to account for existing perturbations, in accordance with astronomical laws. I think woman, under equally favorable conditions, would see further into the future than man, but her faculties have not been allowed their normal development in this direction. I wish I could find some two or three Scripture prophecies fulfilled.

Mr. PINK thought he could gratify the desire just expressed by the preceding speaker. He referred to the loving fellowship among the primitive Christians, for a brief period after the day of Pentecost. The apostles knew there would be a great falling away before the full blaze of God's light should come upon the world, and spoke of it as the Man of Sin, the mystery of iniquity, by which terms they meant, not the common wickedness of the world, but a particular iniquity, which John the Revelator figured under the name of the Great Harlot—I. e., the Church that professes to be married to God, and yet, in daily confessions of sin, owes herself to be committing adultery with Satan, and is the mother of small churches who do likewise. The true church was shown to John as the Bride of the Lamb, the New Jerusalem. This was a manifest case of fulfilled prophecy. Another instance is found in Genesis, where the woman is told that her desire shall be to her husband, "and he shall rule over her," which has been exactly the case, and will so continue until the coming of Christ shall restore the reign of equality, when there shall be "neither male nor female, bond nor free," &c. Then the seed of the woman, i. e., of the true Church, shall bruise the serpent's head—that is, shall conquer doubt and mysticism; and those phantoms of ignorance and fear—sin, and the Devil, and hell—which now have only a subjective existence in our darkened and bewildered understandings, shall "flee away and there shall be no place for them."

Mr. JUDH PARDEE.—There is no doubt that men in the body have manifested the power of prophecy, and there is no ground for denying it to men out of the body—putting aside the question as to its source. A spirit once said to me, "If a man be in the sphere of prophecy as to generals, he can foresee results"—that is, if he be in such a state of mental elevation and refinement as makes manifest to him the concatenation of things. All things in the universe have an intimate and subtle connection, which we have no difficulty in admitting can be traced up as far as general results—our doubt is as to specialities; but yet does it not follow that there must be such a thing as special prophecy? Seven years ago I and others used to prophesy the present state of things in this country—but our predictions were scouted on all sides. Thinking it only combined and complex sight; and, by transcending the narrow bounds of our individualities, we may gain on such a superior visual elevation as will give to our reasoning the scope and character of prophecies; by enabling us to discern the most remote relations and interdependencies of events. Thus overlooking the whole field of causes and effects, we should see that the Calvinistic doctrine of predestination is, in a sense, undoubtedly true. I avow myself a fatalist. I bow in solemn adoration to that Invisible Power whose decrees no man can escape or change; but who has ordained that our road shall lie through the dark valleys of agony, humiliation, misfortune, disease, to the realms of peace, purity, wisdom and love.

Mr. THOMAS.—Within the last three years I have lost near and dear friends, and under the idea that Spiritualism, if true, would be a source of consolation, I applied myself to its investigation. I have asked many questions through different public mediums as to future occurrences, but not one of their answers, so far, has been verified by the event. In the course of my inquiries, I have spent between six and eight hundred dollars, without a result satisfactory to myself in a single instance. My conclusion on the whole is, that there is undoubtedly something remarkable and unexplained in the phenomena of Spiritualism; but that I have been uniformly humbugged by all the public test-mediums. I have consulted, to the number of some six or seven, in this city and Boston.

Obituary Notices.

Died, at Grand Rapids, Mich., ELLEN JENNIE, only daughter of Harry H. and Sarah Ives, aged 18 years and 11 months.

Sweet Jennie, we miss thee at noon, at noon and at eve. We miss thee at the family board, and oh, we miss thee everywhere. Farewell, sweet form; thou art forever hid from our gaze, but thy gentle spirit will continue to visit us and bring us sweet fountains of truth and love.

Our precious bud was too tender for earth, and so she has been transplanted to a more congenial climate; her nature was too refined and spiritual to linger long in this rudimentary sphere, and the angels came at early morn and bore her gentle spirit away to their own bright home, where her affectionate nature can unfold and bring messages of love and cheer to the bleeding hearts of earth's sorrowing children. Although naturally timid, she possessed reverence and judgment far beyond her years; she manifested no fear when she felt the chilly waves of Jordan creeping over her mortal frame, but looked up earnestly and said, "Mother, I am cold—I am dying. I am sleepy, mother—shall I go to sleep?" We answered her yes, but it was with smothered sobs of anguish, for we well knew it would be the last sleep she took the clay that to us was so dear; and soon the lid closed over the mild blue orbs, and a smile was on her silent lips.

"She has soared away to a brighter land,
And left us here a broken band;
Our hearts are sad, our home seems lone,
For our sweet bird from its nest hath flown."

S. J.

In Mansfield, Aug. 12, 1861, passed to the Spirit-world, JACOB SCHUYLER SHEPARD, aged 58 years and 6 months.

For many years he has been a great sufferer, yet his patience and good spirits never failed. He ever welcomed his friends with an expression of pleasure; seldom spoke of his own sufferings, but was ever ready to sympathize with others, and speak words of cheer to those in far better health than himself. So without a murmur, he passed to the world beyond our vision, his soul led by a star unseen by mortal eyes. For a number of years our friend had been a believer in the Spiritual faith, and none who knew him could doubt its sustaining power. So long as his tottering steps could take him, he was always present at the small circles held in his vicinity. This, (to him, a great pleasure) was in time relinquished, like many other enjoyments, without a murmur. His wife, deprived of many social comforts before shared with him, found peace and joy in her untiring care and watchfulness through his long illness, and she now feels that Death cannot break the bond of love.

Not its dark vale excluding
The sweet communion friend with friend.

A FRIEND.

Friends of Progress in Indiana.

The next annual meeting of the Friends of Progress will be held in Richmond, Ind., on Saturday and Sunday, October 19 and 20.

All friends are cordially invited to attend. Speakers from a distance who may journey in this direction will be welcomed to our meeting.

By order of the Committee of Arrangements,

OWEN THOMAS, Secretary.

Picnic and Grove Meeting.

A Spiritual Picnic and Grove Meeting will be held at Churchill's Grove, near the junction of the W. B. & M. and P. & O. Railroad, on the 10th and 20th of September, 1861. Good speakers will be in attendance. Cars arrive at the junction from Milwaukee, Watertown and the West, at from 9 12 o'clock, to 10 12 o'clock A. M., and leave from 5 16, to 5 51 P. M.

Friends will do all that they can to make strangers happy and comfortable. Come one, come all. N. B.—If the days prove stormy, the first fair day after these dates will be improved for our meeting.

By order of the Meeting.